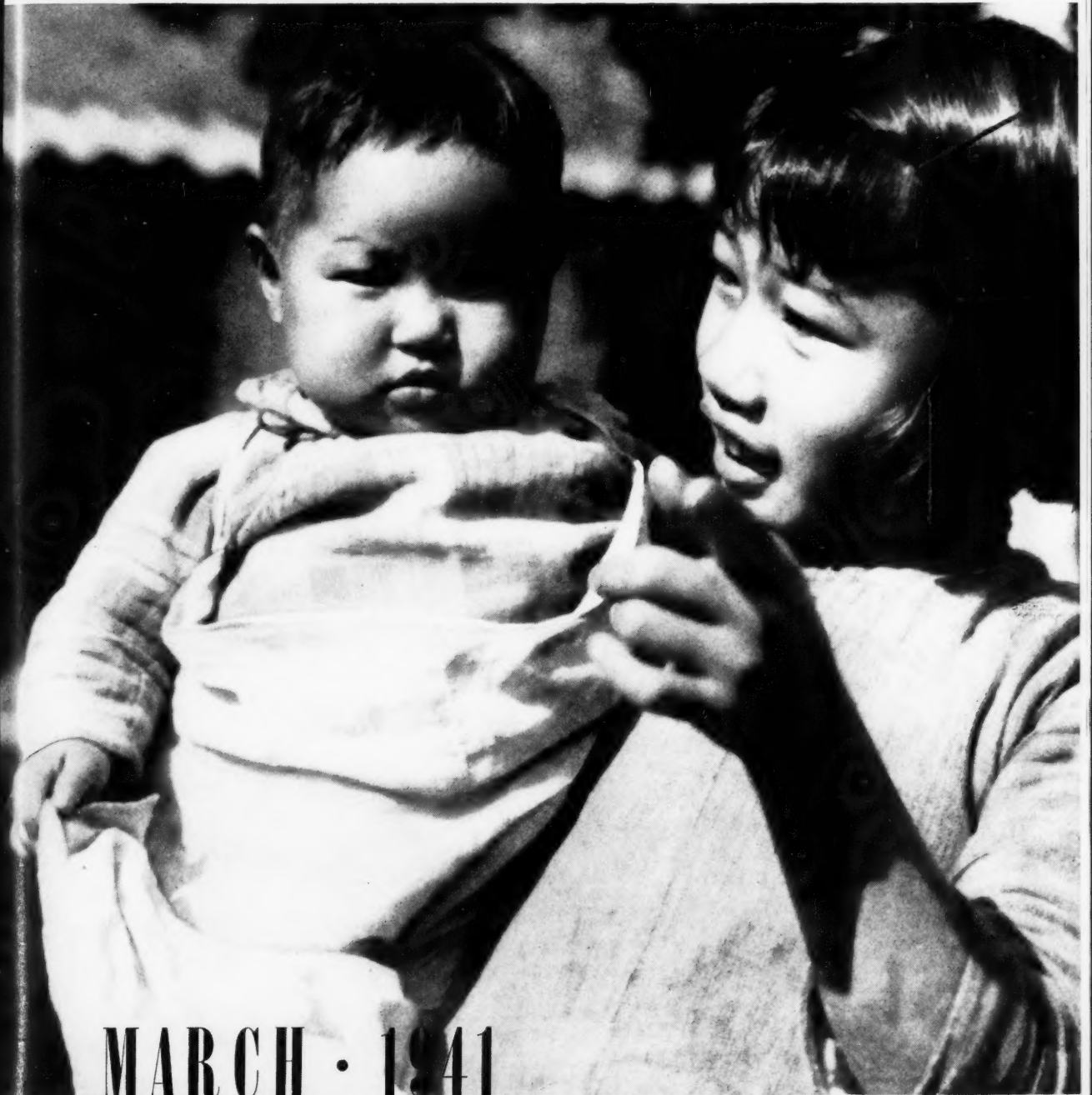


# Maryknoll



MARCH • 1941

THE FIELD AFAR

China 'cross the bay from Hong Kong, whence all Maryknollers, ministering to millions of souls in South China, must pass to reach their missions. Our missionaries in this area are having a full share of all the serious consequences of war; but "we are of the people, and we live with and for the people. When they suffer, we suffer; when they are distressed, we make their distress our own."



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# Maryknoll

## HORIZONS



**MARYKNOLL** is an American foundation for foreign missions • Central headquarters are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of missionaries are maintained in various sections of the country. • The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the hierarchy of the United States as the national society for foreign missions, and authorized by Pope Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. • In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea—Maryknollers are laboring among 25,000,000 non-Christian souls. • Our legal title is "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated."

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MARCH, 1941

**SHIP AHoy!** Captain Ito, known throughout America as the "Catholic captain" of the Pacific, recently hung up



an enviable record for trans-Pacific crossings: some 180 in his thirty-eight years at the helm. The captain never touches Los Angeles without visiting Maryknollers at that port where his deep faith and his many acts of kindness are known and appreciated. A genial host, a gracious captain, a sterling Catholic—Captain Ito draws our prayer that he may, with clear weather and blue skies, reach the ultimate port.

**BREAD UPON THE WATERS** When ten-year-old Kiaw, a Chinese boy living in Manila, heard of the famine in China, he took the money he had been saving for a bicycle and bought bread to send to his native land. The bread, instead of being shipped to China, was sold in Manila for fifty cents a loaf, and a greater amount than Kiaw's twenty-six pesos was forwarded to the homeland. When Mrs. Henry Ford, Sr., of Detroit, heard of the boy's sacrifices, she had a bicycle sent to him from this country. Kiaw was delighted. He had the prized wheeler and also a means of helping the afflicted. He wrote to Mrs. Ford: "When I am not using it, the bicycle earns money for me. I rent it out by the hour and in this way I am able to send more money to China to help the refugees. I have not bought



any more bread. I give the money to the local board now, and they send it."

**SUNSHINE OVER SHUNSEN** When the district of Shunsen in Korea was erected recently as a new prefecture of the Church, Monsignor Thomas Quinlan of the Columban Fathers was named its first prefect apostolic. Monsignor Quinlan, a native of Tipperary, was a member of the pioneer group which left Ireland in 1920 for Hanyang, China. Ten years ago he was transferred to Korea. The new mission include 10,000 square miles, 1,500,000 natives; 12,000 Catholics; 13 priests of St. Columban, and several native Korean priests. A long life and blessings galore to Monsignor Quinlan!



**THE LAZY WAY** Anyone who met Father Simons—as a teacher in Seattle or missionary in China—must have been impressed first of all with the holy gaiety of the young cleric. His companions called him "Sancte" Simons. When his life blood, recently, crimsoned the soil of China from Red-inflicted death (See page 10) Father Simons had not been taken unprepared. Only a few weeks before, he had written home: "The Communists have come. If some of us find a lazy way to heaven, don't be surprised . . . it

will be just what Our Divine Lord wishes and nothing else." The Reds never knew how they added to the eternal gaiety of a great missionary-martyr.





# Beyond the Burma Road

BY MISS LOIS LEE

**T**HROUGHOUT my relatively few years in America, I have often been asked, "What do you think of the future of the Catholic Church in China?" So I hasten to say at the beginning of this article that, from the knowledge I have of my country and from the information I have been able to gather, that future is very encouraging.

Let us, first of all, look back a bit. Some centuries ago, Catholic missionaries—great Jesuit scholars—entered China and won their way to the court of our emperor, Kang-hi. Difficulties and misunderstandings arose, the

missioners were expelled; and, when again an entry was effected, the Church was forced to begin its labors among the lowly, living for generations a life similar to that of Christians in the catacombs of Rome in the early centuries.

Today the Church in China is free, and our leaders have expressed themselves publicly as recognizing that the teachings of Christ are a force for good in the country. It is true that there is always the possibility that radical elements desiring communism after the Russian pattern might overthrow the present government, but there is very little likelihood of this. Perhaps more than in any other country of Asia today, in China the prospects for the advance of the Church are very bright.

One of the things which I admire very much in the Catholic Church is the single world center in Rome, where the Holy Father, as Our Lord Himself provided, looks out constantly over all mankind and directs the advance of the Church in every country. Many uneducated people who have not traveled see the missionary arrive in their neighborhood, and immediately become suspicious that he has some sinister motive in coming, that he wishes their lands or their goods, or plans to take away their liberty. But when it is possible to live for a while in Europe or America and to see how the young people of the western world take up their work as missionaries, the thoughtful Chinese, whether Christian or non-Christian, cannot help but be impressed. I know of young men and young women in colleges and universities of the United States who, though they could easily have chosen any other career, have elected rather to offer themselves as missionaries. After years of careful preparation, such volunteers from America join missionary colleagues in China from more than a score of the nations of the world, and all are one in obeying the Holy Father most faithfully in preaching the gospel. It is this strong, central discipline in the Catholic Church which gives the Church



The cultured sons of Cathay and the humble men of the soil are all one in the Church founded by Christ Himself.



Miss Lee at her desk in Madonna House, New York City, where social-service work among her own people prepares her for a similar task at home



such unity in China: unity of worship, unity of Catholic life, unity of administration.

Chinese Catholics appreciate the spirit behind the Church's mission work, which requires every missionary to dedicate himself so completely to his people, even at great personal sacrifice. Some fifteen or twenty years ago, our country suffered from civil war, and in many areas conditions were very disturbed. Catholic bishops, thoughtful of their priests, began withdrawing them from dangerous positions. The Holy Father in Rome heard about this and sent word immediately by cable to his representative in Peiping that it was one of the glorious traditions of the Church that the Catholic missionary remains at his post unless it is directly under fire, and that he wished all missionaries in China to follow this tradition, despite the grave difficulties of the times.

The Pope's representative immediately telegraphed this desire of the Holy Father to the one hundred and more Catholic bishops in China, and these bishops in turn informed their priests, who numbered many thousands. As a result, all the missionaries in China remained with their people, suffered with them, and in some instances died with them, for, during the past twenty years, almost fifty missionaries have met violent deaths there. Today the Church in China, despite the many sad years of war, is intact, and the missionaries are loved by the faithful and respected by the non-Christians, because they have not gone away. To cite an instance, which has come to my attention: During the bombing of the city of Kweilin, in Kwangsi Province, the home of the missionaries, who are American priests of Maryknoll, was completely wrecked. But, rather than leave the city, the priests rented a river boat and continued their work among the people with their boat tied to the bank of the stream.

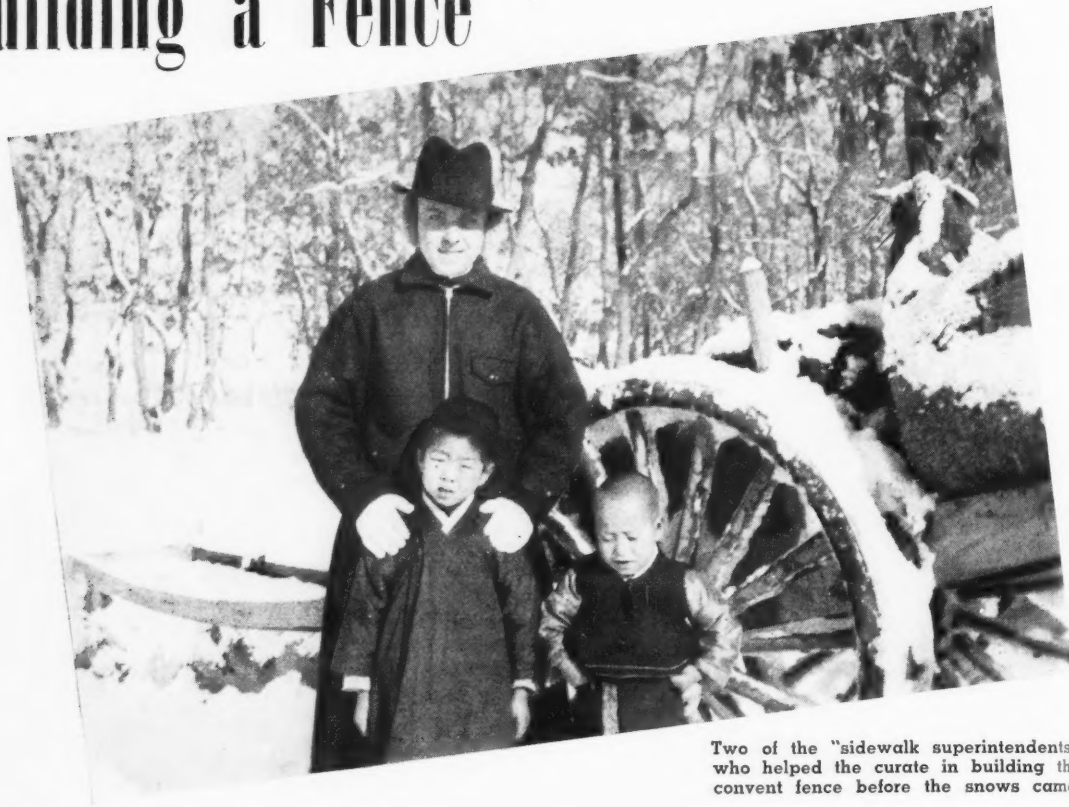
For over one hundred years the missionaries have been training Chinese young men to the priesthood and young women for the Catholic Sisterhoods. As a result, over twenty sectors of the country have been assigned by the Holy Father to Chinese bishops, who, in their care of the Catholics, are aided by Chinese priests and Chinese Sisters without the help of foreign missionaries. But, unfortunately, only three million of China's hundreds of millions of souls are as yet Catholic, and hence the country will need thousands of foreign missionaries for generations to come.

Most impressive for the Chinese people are the many beautiful works of charity which the Church possesses in China, some operated entirely or partially by Chinese

Catholics, and others with the help of Catholics in America and other lands. Very impressive also are the many Catholic schools in China, which care for over a quarter of a million young people. The means have not been available as yet for the development of many Catholic colleges, but a good number of such colleges exist and they are ones of which we may all be proud.

I am a Catholic only a few years. I had all my early schooling in China, but I feel that my studies at St. Elizabeth's College at Convent Station, New Jersey, and later at the School of Social Service at the Catholic University, have given me an outlook that such studies at home could not provide. It is as a Catholic social worker that I shall go back to China—to our own capital at Chungking, now difficult to reach. From the coast, I shall travel a long, mountainous road that may be vaguely compared to the ground that would be covered if one landed on the Pacific Coast of Mexico and journeyed by makeshift roads through the valleys and heights (*Continued on page 22*)

# Building a Fence



Two of the "sidewalk superintendents" who helped the curate in building the convent fence before the snows came.

**W**HEN I brought a chest of tools with me from America, I had no idea that they would be directly instrumental in the work of conversion. They lay untouched—in fact, unpacked—all during my months in the language school; and I was afraid that they would be just so much dead weight on the long trip to my first mission. But I was wrong. Almost my first assignment at the Hiken mission was to build a fence around the new convent—a house of sorts that needed a considerable amount of repair work. We did our best to find a carpenter, but none was unemployed.

Although I had done a considerable amount of tinkering with carpentry at home, I found that my knowledge of the art would be put to the test before a critical audience. My tools shone in all their hardware-store brightness, and I shudder on recalling my audience' reaction to that!

On the outskirts of the gathering of "sidewalk superintendents," an elderly gentleman stood and watched the progress of my work day by day. He was the one who gave me the most concern. He seemed to take a personal interest in the construction of the fence, as though he were a boss carpenter, or perhaps a Korean version of Saint Joseph. Anyhow, I watched him out of the corner of my eye, and I really think I should have missed him if he had not shown up each morning.

One afternoon, as I stopped to rest a few moments after a particularly vigorous session of sawing, he approached and with the utmost politeness asked me about the use of some of the American tools. From that bit of questioning, he went on to the kind of people who should live in a house that needed a fence around it. Was I afraid they would get away? In my very limited Korean, I tried to explain who the Sisters were and what kind of work they would do. It must have given him something to think about, because he wanted to know more.

Several talks with the pastor kept the old gentleman more or less on tenterhooks, awaiting the arrival of the Sisters. When finally they came, he stood and watched them for a long time. Soon after that he asked for a catechism, and he tackled it with hearty enthusiasm. After his doctrine examination he asked if I would baptize him. Of course, I was very happy to do so. But to this day I don't know whether it was my Korean or my carpentry that won them over. I say "them" because now his good wife and four children are studying the doctrine.

Many times friends ask just what methods we use in bringing converts into the Church. Frankly, I've never been able until now to give them a good answer. And, incidentally, I'm looking around now for a few more fences to build.

BY REV. LEON A. HARTER

# Nobody Ever Told Me

BY REV. PAUL J. DUCHESNE

ing this, said to him one day, "Old Uncle, how is it that you who are not a Christian always bow when passing our church?"

"Oh," he replied, "I believe in my gods well enough, but I'm not taking any chances. I make a bow, just in case!"

On the other hand, the Chinese hear that with foreigners thirteen is considered an unlucky number, that foreigners do not walk under standing ladders, that doom follows if a black cat crosses one's path, that there should never be three on a match. The Chinese say dryly, "How queer you foreigners are!" Was it a Chinese poet who asked for the gift to "see as others see us?" Nobody ever told me.

IN a single year's random observations in China, I have been surprised at the great dissimilarities of character and customs to be noted everywhere. Nobody ever told me about most of them. Even if someone had told me, I doubt if I should have believed that so many things could be so strangely different.

For example, a neighboring pastor gave his "boy" ten dollars last Christmas to buy himself clothes and shoes. The lad soon returned with a new soldier's cap and a fountain pen. The story has it that he "just could not resist." Every Chinese boy has his heart set on owning two things—a fountain pen and a wrist watch. That he is unable to write, matters not at all, because he can always be out of ink at the moment. Nor will it matter much if he cannot tell time. He can always have forgotten to wind the watch, which he then proceeds to do, the while denouncing himself for his stupidity.

Squeaky shoes, with us, usually mean that they were cheap and the wearer has probably been out in the rain. Not so with the Chinese. With them, the more squeak the better, since squeaks mean that they have new shoes and for that reason must be prosperous.

The story is told of an old man who always bowed when passing the Catholic church. The pastor, not-



Putting the most fashionable touch into new Chinese shoes—the squeak





## TOM SHANNON



A STORY BY JO READING

**B**UT you can't mean that you are going to let the boy go! The idea is ridiculous! He has every chance for a great career, and we need priests like him. The heathen got along all right before this missionary craze started. Haven't we bread-lines enough to take care of now? And then, Dennis, he's all you have."

Dennis O'Toole, railroad magnate, genial host, faithful friend, heart of every charitable affair in the town, and father of "the boy," raised his hand imperatively.

"Stop, Tom Shannon! Don't make it harder! I've fought it out by myself. The boy is right, and he'll go with my blessing and my love."

A long silence followed. The two friends smoked hard and stared at the glowing coals of the great fire which cast a soft light over the luxurious room.

"The boy" was completing his first year at the diocesan seminary, and a week before had written for permission to change over to the Foreign Mis-

sion House to prepare for a remote field of labor. It was a great blow to Mr. O'Toole, whose dreams of this talented only child had seen him preaching to crowds in city churches, heard his praises sung, beheld him loved and honored by all. But the struggle was over. Faith had triumphed over pride. The boy was to go. He would be a lowly shepherd, a teacher in the wilderness, unknown to the world.

"You've never lived in China, Tom?" There was no reply to this half-questioning remark, which Tom recognized as the preamble to something Dennis O'Toole wanted to say.

"I was an only boy, too, and when the railroad people offered to send me to China to look over the ground in view of opening up the country, I was wild with enthusiasm. My mother, a widow, didn't think of herself. It seemed an opportunity of a lifetime, and I went off with her blessing. Her only fear for me was expressed in the words, 'Dennie, my son, don't forget your prayers.' I never saw her again. She died of pneumonia before I reached the other side.

"Things were pretty black for a time. I was alone—all alone—in the world. But youth rises above every difficulty. The Company backed me liberally, and the novelty of the life, the people, the country, filled every moment with interest, and night found me tired enough and ready to sleep.

"I discovered a little French church where I could hear Mass, but I hadn't acquired French or Chinese and could profit only by the edifying example of the priest and his devout native congregation.

"For two years I traveled through China, from Tongking to Manchuria. The roads were poor and progress slow. I went as a rule in the palanquin, a kind of chair supported on poles and borne on the shoulders of coolies. At first, as we passed through the narrow lanes of the cities, which serve as streets, everything attracted me: the boys gambling with copper cash; the jugglers performing marvelous feats; the festival processions and the gaudy shops; emaciated beggars in the gutters; out on the highways the water-carriers and the peasants wheeling their barrows of produce to the city markets. All this was interesting enough for a while.

"Occasionally I came upon a church or a convent, but the priests and Sisters were always French, German, or Italian—anything but English or American. I hadn't approached the sacraments since I left home, and I was getting careless about my prayers. When you start to go,

Tom, it's hard to stop.

"I frequently met American Protestant missionaries who received me warmly, and with whom I stayed for several days, talking about home, watching them work, and wondering always why I had not found any Catholics who spoke the English tongue.

"Then began my inland trip. It was early summer when I left Shanghai to go into the region north of the Yangtze River. The first part of the trip was delightful. The terraced mountain slopes with their tea gardens, the rice swamps, and the smiling children weaving baskets at the doors of their quaint, rough houses, told of industry. What wonders our railroad could work there!

"At last the poor food we got at inns, the fatigue and lack of companionship, began to tell on me. One morning I dismissed my carriers, left my simple outfit at the inn to be called for later, took a few clothes, and started out.

"I don't know what I intended to do. I was weary in heart and soul and body. For the first time in months, my mother's words, 'Dennie—don't forget—your—prayers!' started pounding in my head at every step. It was awful. I thought I was going to die and that devils were mocking me, an idea that every leering idol in the roadside shrines emphasized.

"Toward nightfall I reached the Franciscan mission, where I was fed and housed. But my hosts were foreigners again, and I was still alone—horribly alone. There was no one in the community who could speak English. The next morning I started out in spite of protests—for the good Fathers saw that I was far from well—and at noon I arrived at a Protestant mission settlement.

"There at least I heard my native tongue, and I was content to rest for three days with the minister, his wife,

Everything attracted him: boys gambling in the streets, festival processions, gaudy shops.



## TOM SHANNON SILENCED *(Continued)*

and their two children. The physical comfort of those days, the sense of 'hominess,' lured me strongly. Again my mother's call came, 'Dennie, don't forget your prayers!' But I couldn't pray.

"Dennis O'Toole was losing the Faith, Tom, because he was weak and couldn't find a priest to help him."

A line of delicate smoke rings was Tom's only comment.

"Then," continued Dennis, "for my mother's sake I wandered on, away from temptation. I didn't care what happened. That night I lay down by the wayside in a green field under the open sky, and there the miracle was wrought, I prayed, prayed as I did when a child, and slept.

"In the very early morning the merry chatter and laughing of children awakened me. I got up and saw some fifteen or twenty boys and girls with as many older people coming along the road. As they passed, I noted that some of them carried rosaries. 'Perhaps it is Sunday and they are going to Mass,' I thought.

"Faint and burning with fever, I followed them for about two hours, and at last through the trees on a nearby hill I caught sight of a cross shining in the morning sun. How welcome it was! It would be good to die near it!

"I remember struggling up the hill, and greeting a kindly looking priest—and that is all, till I opened my

eyes three weeks later, in a tiny, low room with the sun streaming in through two small windows on the cot where I lay.

"I was trying to locate myself when a hearty, cheery voice called, 'Well, my son, which shall it be, ham and eggs or Boston baked beans?' I found later that either order brought rice and coarse bread—but I tell you, I'll never forget the joy those familiar words brought to me. A moment later the priest who had spoken appeared. I was so happy I tried to answer, but couldn't. He came over to the bed, patted my head, and said: 'Poor boy! Go to sleep now. We'll talk later.'

"Well, Tom, the fever had pretty nearly carried me off. It was a month before I could go on. Father McCreagh was an Irishman who, as a boy, had spent several years in America. He was the first English-speaking priest I had met in almost three years. There were a few others scattered through that vast territory, but, so far as he knew, no Americans.

"There he was working alone. He had built his own house. He was village doctor, nurse, and teacher, as well as priest, and on top of all that had given up his bed to me, a stranger, had cared for me day and night, and saved me, soul and body. Of course he was poor and often hungry, but to win for Christ such souls as he found, was worth any sacrifice.

"I grew to love his people, too, even in that short time. Their devotion was touching—and put me to shame. The children brought me flowers and pretty stones—just as this boy of mine did later. Reluctantly I left them, finished my work, and came home.

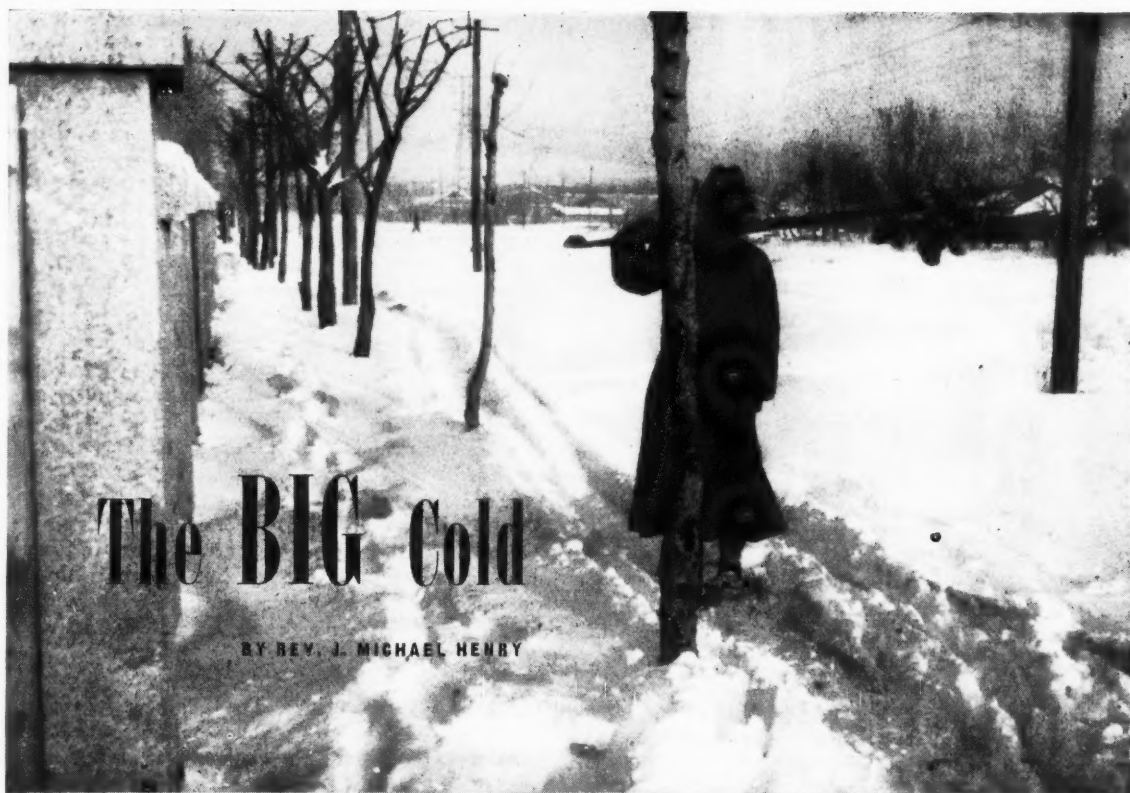
"I've never forgotten Father McCreagh—he was a gift from God to me—nor can I ever forget my suffering and loneliness till I found him.

"But the strange thing is this, Tom. When the nurse put the boy in my arms for the first time, the thought came that some day he might be needed in China. I couldn't bear it, I tried to drive the idea away, and I've never told the story to the youngster himself. I can see now that his going is *(Continued on page 27)*



The baggage carrier was no longer necessary; he seemed glad to turn his face once more towards home.





# The BIG Cold

BY REV. J. MICHAEL HENRY

A Manchu roadway outside the wall of the Fushun mission, just after the "Little Snow"

**S**OMEONE has said that in Manchukuo, especially in the northern parts, the year has but two seasons—July and winter. It is not as bad as that, but the weather does begin to get cold about the last week in September.

According to the lunar or native calendar, winter begins on or about the tenth of the tenth month, which date corresponds roughly to the eighth or tenth of November. The first snowfall, called "Little Snow," begins November 22. Sometimes it falls much earlier, seldom later. From then until the first week in December, the mercury hops up and down between zero and thirty above. The "Big Snow" is due December 7. By this time the ground is frozen to a depth of several feet.

The so-called "Big Cold" begins about December 22 and continues until February. The thermometer falls to thirty, and sometimes to forty, below zero. Yet, one does not feel this extreme cold nearly as much as one would a temperature of zero or even ten above—perhaps because of the enormous pile of clothing under which one staggers. Nevertheless, this "Big Cold" is a treacherous period, and a person might easily get frozen without being aware of it—until he began to thaw out!

The natives pile on *all* their clothes, layer upon layer of padded and unpadded garments, until they appear as broad as they are long. Their headdress and footgear are

remarkable and have to be seen to be appreciated. The main thing, however, is that most of the natives do manage to keep from freezing; and we, in order to accomplish the same feat, have to follow their example to a great extent in the matter of clothing.

While the "Big Cold" lasts, most churches and sacrifices can be extremely frigid. During Mass time the Christians and even the altar boys can keep their hands up their sleeves, but for the priest this is not possible. His fingers quickly lose all sense of touch, and great care has to be exercised in handling the Blessed Sacrament, especially while distributing Holy Communion. The wine and water very often freeze in the chalice. To prevent this, we have to keep the cruets in hot water until the Offertory, and then proceed as rapidly as the rubrics will allow until after the Communion. Naturally we try to keep the churches as warm as conditions and our pocket-books will allow, but ordinarily the best we can do is to "take the edge off" the cold.

Recently I had occasion to believe that the "Sweet Chariot" had indeed swung low for me. I had given orders that the confessional was to be moved closer to the stove where the priest and the penitents would benefit from the warmth. At confession time the transfer had not yet been made, and I (Continued on page 18)

# OUR WORLD OF MISSIONS

**F**ATHER CHARLES SIMONS, of the California Province of the Society of Jesus, has met death at the hands of bandits in China. To him the peace of the blessed!

China, as extensive as all Europe, has much vigorous and progressive life and counts important advances for the Church each year, but the missionaries know that each year some few among them will meet a violent end in the pursuit of the apostolate. On the first day of 1941, it

was for Father Simons to provide the oblation.

The Society of Jesus spent over seventeen years training Father Simons, and he had but four years of mission work when his end came. There is no mystery in this—merely the normal unfolding of God's ways—but assuredly this element of surprise in men's careers takes the dull certainties from life and gives a piquancy to the contemplation of tomorrow, particularly the tomorrow of apostles. It is an element which gives to the Church's mission workers zest of the sort that is found among devotees of any pursuit savored with a taste of peril.

In America we link the Jesuits principally with some of our greatest universities—this year with New Year's Day bowl games—but it is well to remember that eighteen out of every hundred Jesuit priests in the world, and there are thousands of them, are missionaries among non-Christians. It is striking that, while millions listened on the radio to the football games in which Georgetown, Fordham, and Boston College were demonstrating prowess of a sort, Father Simons was meeting death in China.

The Church possesses an "all-out" approach to life that assures a very creditable showing in all fields in which its members devote themselves with healthy vigor to the task at hand.

## PRIESTS FOR THE PHILIPPINES

The Philippines, we are told, could use 400 priests immediately for care of the Catholics, while a further force is needed for the non-Christians. The largest body of Catholics in Asia resides in the islands, and since the Spaniards left, forty years ago, all efforts to handle the situation have fallen short of the requirements.

Experienced hands tell us that individual diocesan-priest volunteers from the United States are not the ideal, welcome though all such priests are. Religious communities that can assure replacements and organize financial assistance can do a more effective piece of work.

Of the 17,000,000 inhabitants, 13,000,000 are Catholic; but there are important mission areas. Indeed, of the seventeen ecclesiastical divisions, four are labeled as non-Christian missions. These are at the two ex-



The St. Louis Archdiocese does mission work in the Ozarks.

tremes of the archipelago. The island of Mindanao has three mission territories and over 3,000,000 Mohammedans. In the far north is the prefecture of the Mountain Province, which also is dominantly non-Christian.

Maryknoll has recently loaned a small group of missionaries to the archbishop of Cebu. They are like a trickle of water into parched sand and represent merely a gesture of interest and good will. America still retains a responsibility for the Faith in the Philippines.

**MAKING MISSIONERS AMID BOMBS** Indications are that most of the mission seminaries of Europe are closed, but our information is very meager. In the case of England's national training house, that of Mill Hill, in the suburbs of London, we can report with greater exactness since a letter reached us a few days ago.

"Things got too hot round about Mill Hill," writes the chronicler, "so the philosophers were sent to one of our houses in the north of England, and the theologians to Scotland. Just a skeleton staff is left in London: the Superior General, his vicar, and two consultors, whilst the other consultor, who happened to be on the continent, is taking care of the Society's affairs in Holland. So far none of our houses has been victim of bombs."

We are happy to learn that the seminary of the Rue du Bac, in Paris, was unharmed in the fall of France. The Superior General, Pere Robert, whom so many South China Knollers know and admire so deeply, was able to transfer to Montbeton in southern France. The society's house of Philosophy at Bel Air was taken over by German aviators, but the six remaining houses in France were undisturbed and continue their work of training future missionaries.

**WAR BY EMOTION** Other harm there is to the missions from war, besides the lessening of direct mission effort. The skilled Westerner has perfected the technique of war without machines, making men nervous, rousing their hatreds, cooling their sympathies, building up their fears, and thus destroying, possibly for generations to come, any hope of disposing men for that world unity of which Pius XII spoke recently.

One factor that will neutralize the harm done to the missions by war is the development of native leadership for the Church. A result of the present war years will probably be a new mission technique in the Church, some arrangement whereby, in as many cases as possible in lands of strongly nationalistic governments, native sons will be the bishops. These prelates will carry the responsibility for the mission workers within given areas, the foreign missionaries laboring under their direction.

The Holy See continues the naming of native bishops.



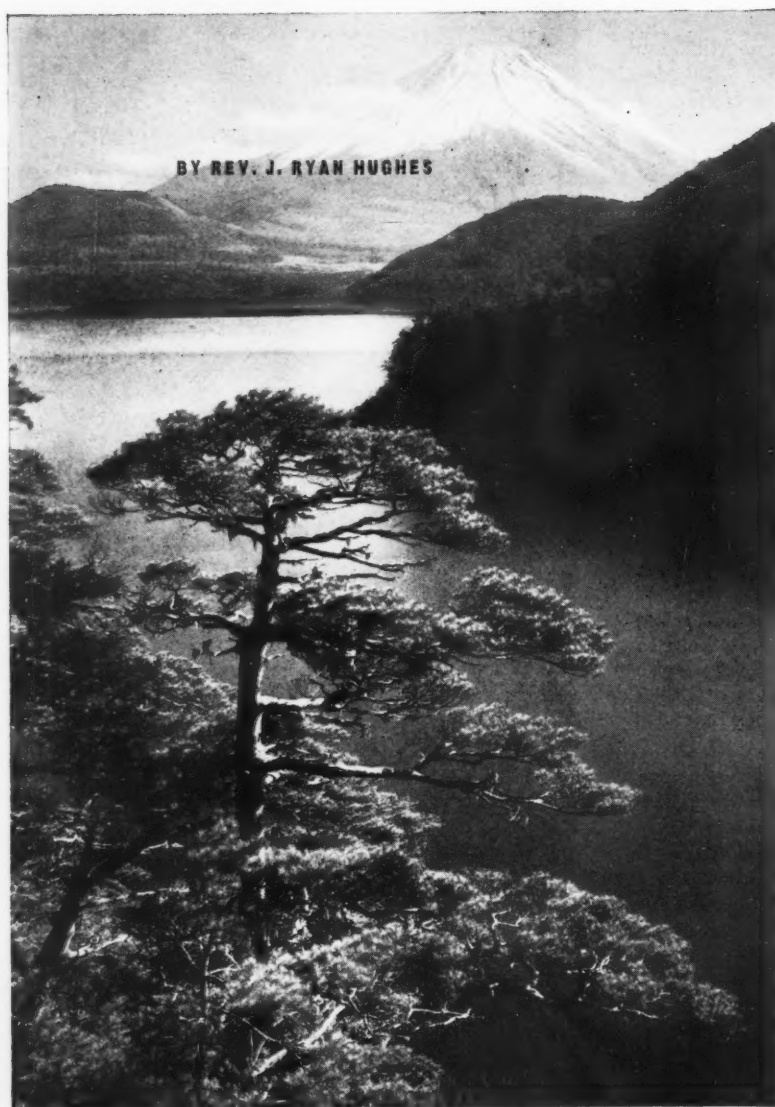
The late Bishop Sylvester Espelage, O.F.M.

In Java recently the first step was taken in this direction, Most Reverend Albert Soegijapranata being chosen by the Holy Father for the new Vicariate of Semarang. Evidently the Church has found in this Javanese Jesuit an able leader, for, besides occupying numerous important administrative posts, Bishop Soegijapranata has been editor of the Javanese Catholic monthly, the *Sevara Tama*.

**A MISSION FOUNDER PASSES** The Catholics of Quebec established their missionary society along lines similar to those of Maryknoll, in 1921. The founder was Canon J. Avila Roch, a man evidently chosen by the Lord for this task, for by his efforts Canon Roch has accomplished much in bringing honor and prestige to the cause of missions in Canada, where he fulfilled a task similar to that of Maryknoll's cofounders.

Now at the dawn of 1941 Canon Roch has passed to his reward. The sympathy of Maryknoll goes out to the missionaries of Pont Viau, who labor in Szeping kai, to the north of our Maryknollers in Manchukuo, and in the Philippine Islands.





BY REV. J. RYAN HUGHES

Straw-sandaled feet have worn deep into the soil of those hills.

and promised answers to the riddle of life. Straw-sandaled feet have worn deep into the soil of those damp glades in search of the Absolute.

White-gowned students with closely shaven heads pore over the sutras of the ancients, tell their beads, sweep dusty parterres and outer courts, or, in winter, crouch over their meager charcoal braziers in search of unnecessary warmth.

On festal days great processions are held through the hills. The sacred ministers appear clad in hieratic splendor, sparkling with gilt and brass, and attended by acolytes and retainers. Mystic sequences are chanted, with multiple prostrations, before the darksome recesses of the inner shrines. To make up in body what the spirit craves, all has been pressed into service. Indeed, even the ceremonies of Mother Church have been laid under tribute in truly eclectic fashion, as if the shadow were the substance.

The missionary stands on the side lines, silent, without possibility of approach to these souls except through prayer. As he makes his way down through the cedar groves and gullies towards the tilled fields at the base, the wind sighs in the branches, as if it understood the plight of men; and a water wheel with broken slats

## Hills that Xavier Loved

**W**HEN Xavier arrived in Kyoto in 1549, three thousand temples dotted its slopes. Topping them all was Hieisan, and the monks who read and wrought therein formed the mind and gave the tone to a whole nation.

Maryknollers today often climb that same mount. The path leads up deep gulches, along plashing streams, over trellised bridges, along cedar-canopied aisles to the temple heights. All is filled with the mystery of suggestion

pauses in its pensive turn as if unwilling to lift the burdens bound on the backs of men. None of these is able to satisfy the longings of a soul. But the missionary's prayer goes up to God, that he may be still more instrumental in making known to all the people of those hills and valleys that Heart of Love, in which are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Not otherwise did Xavier pray as he gazed back upon the hills he loved.

# Maryknoll's Camp Venard



Every camper hopes one day to be the bugler or to lead the others—horseback—over the winding roads and trails.

**A**LTHOUGH spring is not quite yet in the air, all at Camp Venard begin to look forward to its eighteenth season. During the past seventeen years we have had more than two thousand boys spend some part of the summer with us at camp, and from their letters we know that all of them have enjoyed it.

Camp Venard is located on the Maryknoll College grounds, about eight miles from Scranton, Pennsylvania. It is open to boys between the ages of ten and sixteen. Our seventeen years' experience has given us a good idea of what camping means to the average boy, and it is our constant aim to give each youthful camper a memorable summer in the open.

The real fun and enjoyment of overnight trips, sleeping in warm blankets under a canopy of stars in the great outdoors, moonlight hikes up the neighboring mountainsides, a week's canoe trip on the Susquehanna River, daily swimming in our own lake, canoeing, baseball, fishing, and the like—all under helpful counselor supervision—spell a splendid opportunity for American boys.

Camp Venard also gives careful attention to the spiritual development of the campers. There is the privilege of Mass each morning and the daily rosary—recited in small groups. The number of Communions among our youthful charges is truly impressive—and is probably one of the most heartening parts of our work.

Early enrollment of your boy will ensure a place for him at Camp Venard for the coming season, which opens on Saturday, June 28, and closes on Saturday, August 23. A post card or note addressed to *Reverend Director, Camp Venard, Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania*, will bring complete information.



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# MARYKNOLL

## THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

**T**HERE is a man who obsesses my attention, colors my thoughts, haunts my dreams. I am not entirely sure that I know why this should be. I often grow weary of him with all his importunities and demands. He can be a troublesome fellow. He is forever riding me like an old man of the sea, and I have quite given up the attempt to shake him off. I see him often, of course, and indeed I see him everywhere, and it may be that his mere familiarity is what recommends him to me. Certainly, he has many defects and few attractions, and I have known times when I was tempted to regard him as something of a general nuisance. Yet the fact remains that, in spite of all his shortcomings, I continue to like him. And I like him well.

If I were to ask myself what I see in the man, it would require some intricate analysis to put my finger upon it. I can easily recount what I do not see in him. I see almost nothing to recommend him to the consideration of his fellow men as far as human appearances are concerned. He is a man of few accomplishments, slight capabilities, minimum personal graces. He possesses no magnetism or leadership, and he never set the world on fire by his ability to gain friends and influence people. He is not even reasonably attractive to the eye, his silhouette consisting of an ungainly and slightly ridiculous form surmounted by a most insignificant visage and a heavily wrinkled brow. There is no beauty in the man, and he neither merits nor receives a second look from the eye that is filled with seeing. Again, there is almost nothing that he can do. He is not an opera star, a captain of finance, or a champion of anything. Almost completely devoid of grace or agility, he never danced himself into popular favor nor did he prove himself the life of the party. His bridge is a byword, and his attempts at golf a cruel commentary on the fallibility of man. He is a very poor show altogether, and what it is in him that arrests my attention is still something of a puzzle.

If this man possessed a powerful intellect or a strong character, I might have been attracted to him on the spiritual side. He possesses neither. His mind is dull, waver-

ing, and confused, although I will confess that it is also honest and fairly conscientious. His character has certain good points, but he would never rate as a superman on this score, with his continual false starts, daily mistakes, broken resolutions, constant backsliding, puzzled reactions. Meanwhile, his possessions are scanty, consisting mainly of a family to support and a sheaf of bills. Indeed, among all his possessions I can rate few as really precious and these, oddly enough, are his offspring. Somewhere and somehow he added to his menage a surprising collection of fairy creatures largely composed of curls and smiles, with little pink coral shells for hands, pansies for eyes, and hair like gossamer gold. How he ever came to

possess such heavenly beings so unlike himself is one of life's mysteries. They look no more like him than a rosebud looks like a head of cabbage. Yet, strangely enough, there was a time when he looked remarkably like them.

There actually exists a faded picture that shows he was once a similar cherubic creature, noted chiefly for the same beatific smiles. He smiles little now, unless you would classify as a smile the feeble grin he usually manages to muster in the face of life's bludgeoning. It was life that changed him. It was life that took away all his charm and reduced him to the furtive creature of work and worry that I see before me now.

Yet there is one thing more that he retains and will retain from the cradle to the grave. Perhaps this is the real reason why I like him. He has one quality that not even life could take away. His sojourn through the world has wearied his mind, ruined his body, grayed his hair, furrowed his brow, rendered him a fit subject for the cartoonist's pen. But he has one thing still that endears him to me. It is a possession that he has kept in spite of all the assaults made upon him; it is a spark that keeps flickering before his feeble vision as he goes marching on. It is his courage. Life has puzzled him, hurt him, spurned him, but it has not changed his essential quality. He is dismayed by it, bewildered by it, and he does not know what to do about it. He has no solution for its problems. He does not fully understand its meaning. He clings to a few elementary convictions

### MY HERO

#### An Editorial



that he will maintain through thick and thin, but, when all is said, he remains a babe in the wood in the midst of the pressing problems of life. He never contributed anything to the world except his courage.

Courage is doubtless the chief quality he needed, and that is perhaps the reason God gave it to him. It seems to me that he is always the underdog. Whatever happens, he is almost certain to get the worst of it. His ordinary lot is taxes and trouble, and his extraordinary lot in times of emergency is only varied by the addition of such things as homeless wandering, famine, disease, and sudden death. It is true that everybody professes to have a soft spot for him in theory, but nobody accords him much consideration in practice, and he in turn does

little about it except to face the situation with courage. I like him for the predicaments he gets himself into and for his failure to get himself out. They run a ceaseless gamut from fair-weather friends to lost jobs and hospital bills. He cannot cure, but he can endure. A large part of his courage is his patience. His is not a dashing courage that would prompt him to do something drastic, to better his condition, to throw off his shackles, to fashion his own world. He lacks the imagination for that, but his courage is none the less virile. It takes the form of a dogged perseverance and unlimited patience. There is an element of sacrifice in it. He is not a selfish fellow. He asks little from life, and he works hard for that little.

I see him at times in different forms and in varying habiliments; seldom indeed are his features the same. Sometimes his face is pallid white and sometimes it is leathery; again it may be yellow, black, or brown. I see him dressed in homespun garments of rustic cut, in the uniform of labor, in the threadbare habit of frayed gentility, in the rags of poverty, in the coolie's jacket, in every other form or mode that proclaims a man of the people. Sometimes his courage will take the shape of turning himself out as the very glass of fashion and the mold of



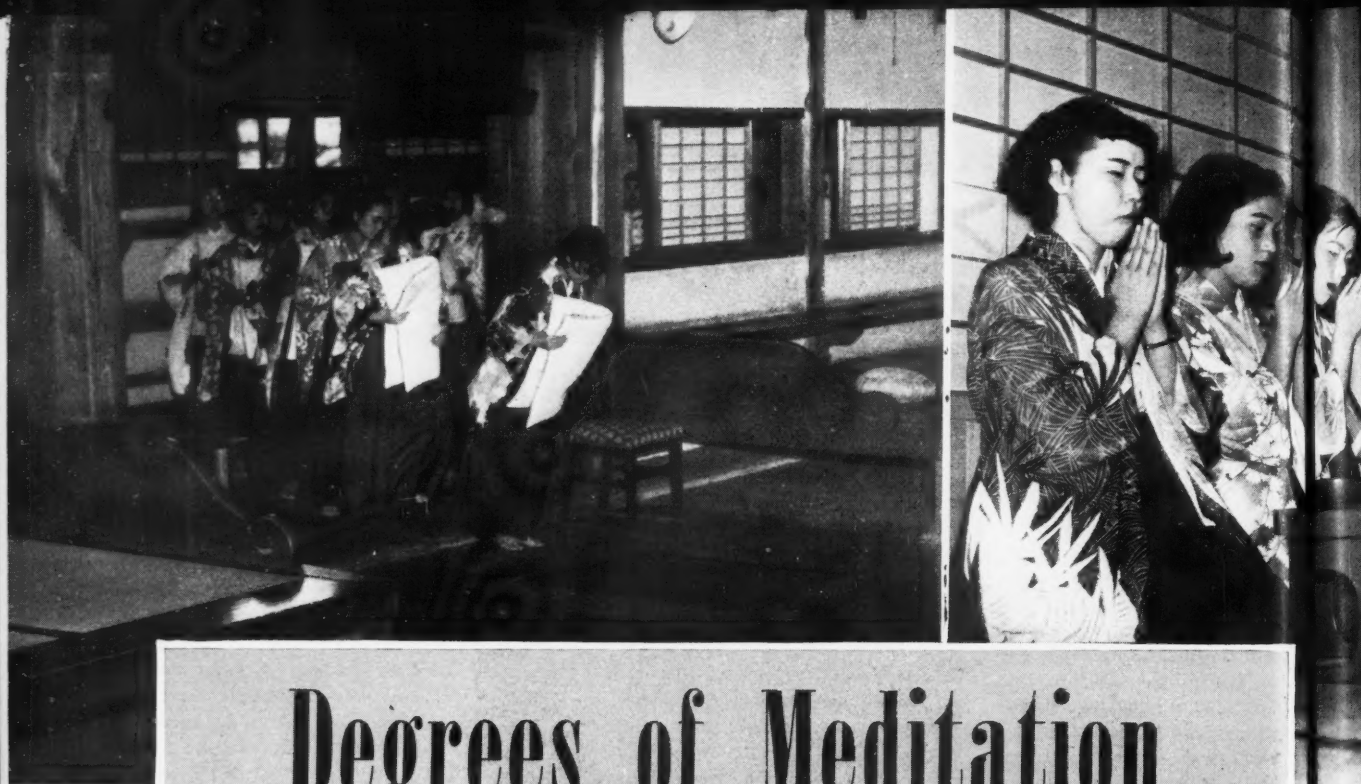
The Head of Christ. A detail from Michelangelo's Pieta, which stands in the Vatican

form. He may wear any clothes or occupy any position. It is the heart that beats under his jacket, plain or fancy, that interests me.

And sometimes this personage suddenly evolves before my eyes and takes the form of a woman, and then I see another series of similar conditions and situations that encircle the fate of this strange friend of mine. I see very little of the grace and charm so characteristic of woman-kind in the vision that comes to me, but I see a great deal of the same spirit and courage that I have so often discerned in her masculine counterpart. I see a person who puts much into the world and takes little out of it in her simple round of duty well performed. I see this form bending over cook stoves and cradles, washing recal-

citrant ears and endless dishes, and entirely cheerful about it all as she struggles and sacrifices and slaves. Her lot is very much the same as that of her companion, and she also undergoes all the difficulties and demands of her complicated station. She is a woman of the people.

The whole world revolves around this man and this woman, and yet I do not know anybody who gets so little out of the world. I cannot give the name of my friend, because the strange creature is a composite. He is the world and his wife, the child of Adam and his sister: in short, he is any man and any woman. This is that complex personality that haunts me, and, now that I have tracked down his history, I think I am satisfied that it should be so. Nor am I alone in this attachment to the man I call my hero. He haunts the mind of every friend of humanity who really understands true values. He haunts the corporate mind of the entire Catholic Church that was created solely to serve him. He even haunts the mind of God, who was not satisfied with making him but went to the length of dying on a cross in order to remake him. And he haunts the heart and soul of every missionary, who pledges his life to see that this real hero of the universe may some day come into his own.



# Degrees of Meditation

BY REV. LEO H. TIBESAR

**A** WORD to conjure with among the Japanese people is *Hitsuke*. In English it would be best rendered by the words discipline, poise, training, polish of manner or bearing, breeding. It carries with it all the mysterious force of training at a finishing school, with all the social prestige that that implies.

If yours is a tranquil disposition, if life's foibles ruffle your habitual composure but little, then you have *Hitsuke*. Grace of manners, poise of presence, an exterior that would imply the existence of disciplined habits of thought, convictions that form the basis of a well-ordered life, private as well as social—such qualities are precious among us of the Occident also. If we discuss them in a lighter vein at times, that may perhaps be due to the fact that only too often the exterior has discovered itself to us as being only that—a front that conceals a vacuity, a facade without a building, a varnish or a veneer that covers only what the termites have left.

Some years ago, on the coldest of winter evenings, we remember well the chill our sensibilities received when to the chanted, "*Namu Myoho Renge Kyo* (I worship thee, thou scripture of the wonderful lotus)," we perceived the near-naked state of the chanters. They had stripped down to the point of closest contact with the wintry winds and were proceeding so, in procession, carrying lan-

terns, to the statue of Buddha which overlooked the city. There they would pray—and suffer—to impetrate the benisons of Buddha. This occurred nightly. So began our respect for the sincerity of many of the Oriental believers in Buddha. Further inquiry and some travel to see for ourselves, and we were able to verify what we had long only read of in books—the existence of an asceticism in some of the sects of the Orient which would daunt even the spirit of a Carthusian.

If salvation were a matter merely of self-punishment, the Orient would long since have cornered all the choice mansions of heaven. What most Westerners do not suspect is the existence of codes of ascetical practice that are followed privately by many a devotee of the Buddha in Japan, Korea, and China, with a fidelity and a sincerity we might well envy. We find in the Orient a deep religious spirit, an appreciation for the really worth-while things in life, a profound sense of the spiritual, a deep-seated and unsatisfied yearning for the things of the spirit which only Christianity can give—a treasure which we possess and, only too often, disregard completely.

To illustrate my meaning let us consider the practice of *Zen*, or *Zazen*, and its rules for silent meditation. We do so in no spirit of levity or of simply destructive criticism. We quote from the works of the founder of Sojiji,



Twelve students of a music school near Kyoto go to a near-by Buddhist monastery for a week-end retreat.



one of the two head monasteries of the *Soto* sect: "As for the place of meditation, a quiet place is good; the cushion you use must be thick; you should prevent wind and smoke from coming in, and rain and dew from moistening you.

"There are two ways of sitting: full cross-legged sitting, and half cross-legged sitting. According to the former way, you must put the right foot on the left thigh, and the left foot on the right thigh. Your clothes must be loosely



## DEGREES of MEDITATION (Continued)

tied and well arranged. Put the right hand with the palm upturned on the left foot, and the left hand on the right palm. The thumbs of both hands stand supporting each other, kept closely to the body. Keeping the body upright and sitting erectly, you should not incline or bend the body to right or left, nor should you lean the body forwards or backwards. The eyes must be opened moderately, neither too widely nor too narrowly.

"Thus having made proper arrangements of the body, you should inhale and exhale a few times through the opened mouth. Next, settling your body, you should move it from side to side, each time decreasing the degree of motion, and finally coming to a firm upright sitting, when you should consider unconsiderableness. How could unconsiderableness be considered? It is considerationless, which is an important means of Dhyana sitting, by means of which you must forthwith destroy evil passions and obtain full enlightenment."

Doubtless there will be a change in the manner and bearing of the devotee of such practice. There will be a certain poise attained, a calm and tranquil bearing, all qualities that may lend social grace; but there must also ensue a spiritual vacuity. When one considers the unconsiderable even for a considerable length of time, one is likely to emerge as considerationless as one was before entering upon one's consideration. If precious *Hitsuke* is attained by that route, its

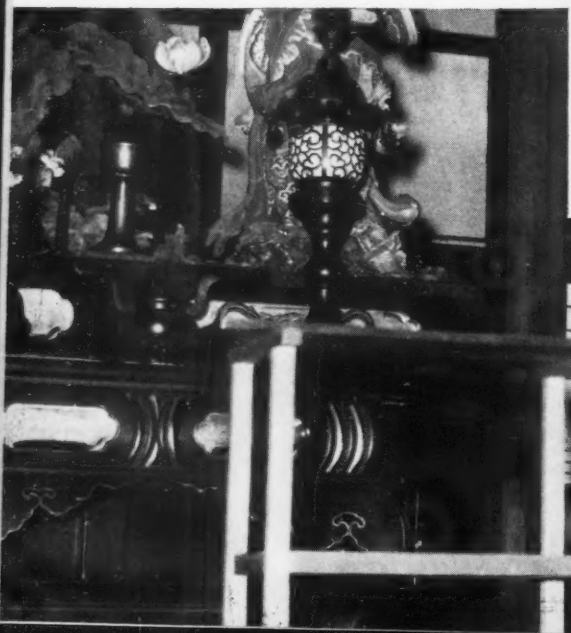
roots will not penetrate to any depth, though, confessedly, the process is a long and laborious one.

### THE BIG COLD

(Continued from page 9) found myself shivering in my shivering. But the workmen had not forgotten. They simply had been delayed. Upon arrival they saw that I was already busy within the box. However, orders are orders, but there was a further order that Father should not be disturbed while administering the Sacrament of Penance. After a hurried consultation the workmen picked up the confessional, inhabitants and all, and swung us neatly to warmer climes. For a change, words failed me.

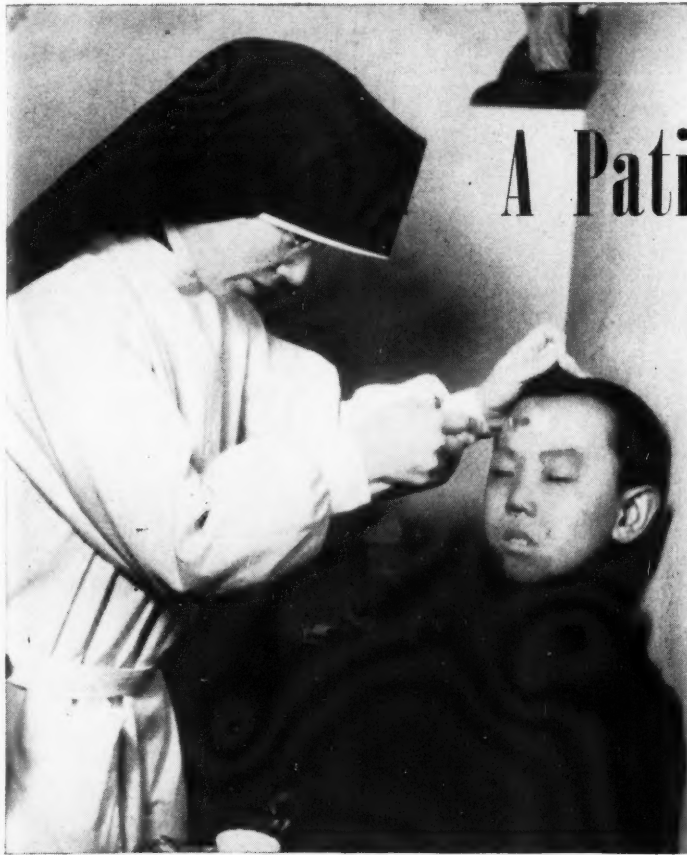
Our readers may wonder how in the world we can stand the rigors of the northern winters. Well, first of all, there is little dampness or humidity in this part of the country, so we convince ourselves that this dry cold at forty below is much more bearable than ten above in a damp climate. Then, after we get more or less accustomed to the climate, we take all the precautions we can, and really do not suffer as much as a stranger might be led to think. The "Big Cold" is just one of those things that come with life. I, for one, love it.

Cut off from the busy world for three days, the retreatants spend long hours in silent meditation—their backs to the altar—and consider the unconsiderable for a considerable length of time.



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Sister had been making some opportune soundings.

# A Patient from the Stars

Christians on hand to give the Sisters a glad welcome.

The process of settling down went on smoothly. Soon the unpacking was completed. From the depths of the wicker hampers had emerged, among sundry other objects, medicine bottles, red pills, pink pills, white pills, salves, tapes and bandages; and the Sisters wondered when the red-tape department would release the proper permission to open a dispensary for the healing of ills of the body along with those of the soul.

Some days passed; not many. The morning *Angelus* was ringing, and our two pioneers paused with the rest of the Catholic world to muse with praise and thanks on the wonders of the Angel

Gabriel's message. Three strokes sounded, and then came a pause. But the pause was too long. What now? A commotion!

"Quick, Sister! He looks dead! Hurry, hurry!"

A broken bell rope had made it necessary for the janitor, a mere lad, to climb up the one-hundred-foot cliff whereon was perched the bell tower. After the first strokes he had lost his footing and had fallen backwards. Hitting a projecting mass, he ricocheted into the Sisters' garden, tearing the little gate clear from its hinges.

After some minutes the blood and dirt-flecked eyelids began to twitch, and then the eyes partly opened to gaze into the faces of those bending over him. He saw the priest. "Father, Father! Anoint me! I'm dying!"

Sister, meanwhile, had been making opportune soundings, prodding here and there like a housewife at a fruit market. "You won't need anointing for another twenty years, my boy," she announced. "A few stitches there in your face, a little rest, and you'll be fit as a fiddle."

And would you believe it? That's exactly what is coming to pass. The Sisters' patient from the stars (who *saw* stars, insists he) still lives to tell this story.

AMONG the travelers boarding a train for North Manchukuo one frosty morning not so long ago were two Maryknoll Sisters. Pioneers, they, out to blaze a trail to T'ung Hua and establish what is, so far, the Sisters' farthest-flung outpost.

The "Clipper" hurried on its way, for it must reach the banks of the Sungari by evening to spend the night in the lumber center of Kirin. At midday the Sisters left that train to transfer to another, headed for the hills of the southeast. They crossed rivers and torrents, went up and over, through and under, mountains, until, just as the sun was dropping behind them in the west, a station sign opposite the car window announced journey's end—T'ung Hua.

There was the station, simple, severe, and plain enough, with somewhat startling decorations along the coping. But wait—there were busses and buggies! The Sisters' choice fell on one of the former; and after a half hour of ups and downs they reached the town, civilization, and the place they wanted to call home. They knocked at the gate and said something that sounded like, "*Lafayette, nous sommes ici!*" "*Lafayette*" ran to ring the bell and soon had the

BY REV. EDWARD A. MCGURKIN



The women greeted us with a welcome that warmed our hearts.

**N**OT even a doctor could escape Sara's contagion! Only it wasn't like measles or scarlet fever. Actually, I wished it *were* a germ that could be captured and spread over the whole earth! So contagious, in fact, was Sara's happiness that we often brought despairing souls to visit her, or sent them to her house on some pretext or other.

Yet Sara was no Pollyanna. She was a dutiful wife who had borne the burden of all the drudgery that is woman's lot in Korea. For years she had cooked all the meals, laundered the clothes in the river, and carried water from the village well in a huge pot balanced on the top of her head. Of late she had had to wait on her husband, who was dying of tuberculosis.

We had been visiting the husband regularly. Sara, who rarely spoke of herself, had never mentioned an ache or pain. One day we were surprised to find her sick in bed. The day before,

SISTER MARY MERCY, M.D.

Catholicity, and ours. That we could understand. But we could not understand how she could resist Sara's smile and cheerful chatter. No one ever had before.

One fine day San Til came out to meet us and greeted us with a welcome that warmed our hearts. "Hurry in, Sisters," she said, "I want to talk to you today."

We went in and made ourselves comfortable. All barriers had vanished. Our old friend, with her pipe in her toothless mouth, was all ready for a good long chat.

"You know, when I came here," she said, "I thought my daughter had lost her mind. She was always smiling, always happy. Yet I knew she must be suffering terribly. No one I have ever known acted like that when sick. Instead of screaming, '*Aigo! Aigo!*' she whispered something that sounds like '*Jesu, Maria.*' And then she smiled some more! I thought she had completely lost her mind. Then I began to watch

we learned, she had fallen in a heap, from sheer exhaustion. Examination revealed a well-developed cancer. There was no hope for a cure. She must already have suffered much for a long time. There was now ahead of her a long siege of intense suffering.

Sara's sons and daughters were all far away. From a nearby village, her wrinkled, toothless old mother, San Til, came to take charge of the one-room house, whose mud walls and thatched roof sheltered two desperately sick patients. San Til proved to be quite a puzzle to us. She took good care of the sick, that was obvious, but she went about the house with a look of utter despair. Never a word did she speak to us, no matter how hard we tried to "break the ice." We knew that she was not a Christian. We thought she resented her daughter's

*Irresistible*

**SARA**

her more closely. I could see that she was really happy and not pretending.

"I noticed that when she was not talking or laughing she would just close her eyes and count those beads she has on a chain. Sometimes she would just close her eyes and move her lips, as though she were talking to someone.

"She's always happy, but never as much as when the Sisters come and talk to her about God. So yesterday I said to myself: 'Well, well! I guess she's not crazy, after all. It must be that she is happy thinking about the God of whom she told me.' It must be that, Sister, because when she has pain, she always holds the cross she wears around her neck and says: 'God knows. He loves us. We must love Him.'

"So I said to myself, 'I want to learn that, too.' But I am so stupid, Sister. If someone tried to teach me out of a book, I could never learn. I am too old. But strangely, though I am so stupid, I am learning something from her.

"God must be very good. One need not be afraid of Him. When she speaks to Him, He seems to make her happy. She is teaching me now. She showed me how to make the sign of the cross with my hand. I'm going to learn a little bit every day. I used to get all upset and worried, scolding and fighting all the time at home. I don't want to be that way any more. So I'm just going to keep on watching Sara to see if I can learn to talk to God!"

Irresistible Sara had won again!

As San Til took my crucifix and stroked it with her brown wrinkled hands, I swallowed hard and tried to tell her more about the good God, whose image we can see in souls like Sara's.

After she had assisted at her husband's holy death, Sara knew that her work was done. That night she grew too weak to speak. "*Jesu, Maria,*" re-

peated with fervent faith by her dear old mother was the sweetest music Sara heard this side of heaven.

### SOULS YOU CAN SAVE

Your prayers and sacrifices this Lent can help win for souls the grace of conversion. One dollar supports a Sister for one day.

*Address: Mother Mary Joseph,  
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.*



She stroked it with her brown, wrinkled hand, as I tried to tell her more about God's great love.

# Goodly Company Over The Earth

OF somber eloquence is a recent item from Europe to the effect that 227 priests, serving with certain French forces at the time of their defeat, are now in a single prison camp. There are numerous such tragedies, and for all concerned—priests and people—we experience deep, lively, positive sympathy. To feel less would be unchristian. As Archbishop Lucey of San Antonio commented, "We of the United States can speak of 'other people's wars' only because we have lost the sense of social charity and organic unity which are the normal conditions of human society."

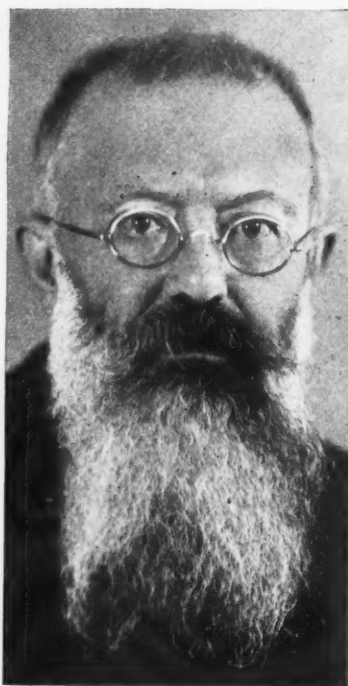
There is a fine ring to Bishop Lucey's phrase, "the sense of social charity and organic unity." It describes very aptly a basis for the Catholic's interest in all mankind. Among other things it accounts for the remarkable rapidity with which the priesthood of the entire Church recently was organized into a single body to promote more vigorously the spread of the Faith throughout the world. The universal Catholic priesthood most certainly feels impelled by "the sense of social charity and organic unity."

Curiously, the priests of the Church have never before been banded together in a single society. Under Pope Benedict XV a missionary returning from Burma, Father Paul Manna, offered this idea, and His Holiness embodied the proposal in his encyclical *Maximum Illud*. Today, of the 350,000 priests in the Church, 200,000—from practically every country—have been formally enrolled in the Missionary Union of the Clergy, and many thousands more have given informal adherence.

To the priest at the altar of Divine Sacrifice, such accidents as space, time, and race disappear. In the eternal here and now, God leans down from the cross of Calvary and embraces him, the priest, and his fellow men, the peoples of the earth, of the five continents; his fellow men who among themselves believe that they are divided by race, by color, by language, by national loyalties, but whom he, the priest, knows to be one—the one brotherhood of souls for whom Christ died.

And at the altar each priest, while it is true he is alone, is never alone, is never isolated, but is one with the priests of the world. With the vision before

his eyes of this goodly company over



Father Paul Manna, who proposed Priests' Missionary Union

the earth, to which he belongs, all raising aloft their God in sacrifice, it is easy to experience "the sense of social charity and organic unity."

There is a scope and grandeur to the world-wide Missionary Union of the Clergy which it is inspiring to contemplate.

## BEYOND THE BURMA ROAD

(Continued from page 3) to the city of Denver.

I do not have any dream castle of the work that is waiting for me beyond the Burma Road. I am only too conscious of the fact that in parts of China there are families which have been in the household of the Faith for centuries.

Working through them and with them, I shall find, I hope, that their Catholic background and years of experience in the Faith will help me to lead others to believe as we do. I read recently of the celebrated Zi family of Shanghai, which was Catholic before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Ten generations

ago Zi Ko-lao entered the Church and, like Candida Zi, of the third generation, was outstanding for piety. The Holy Father is considering both for canonization.

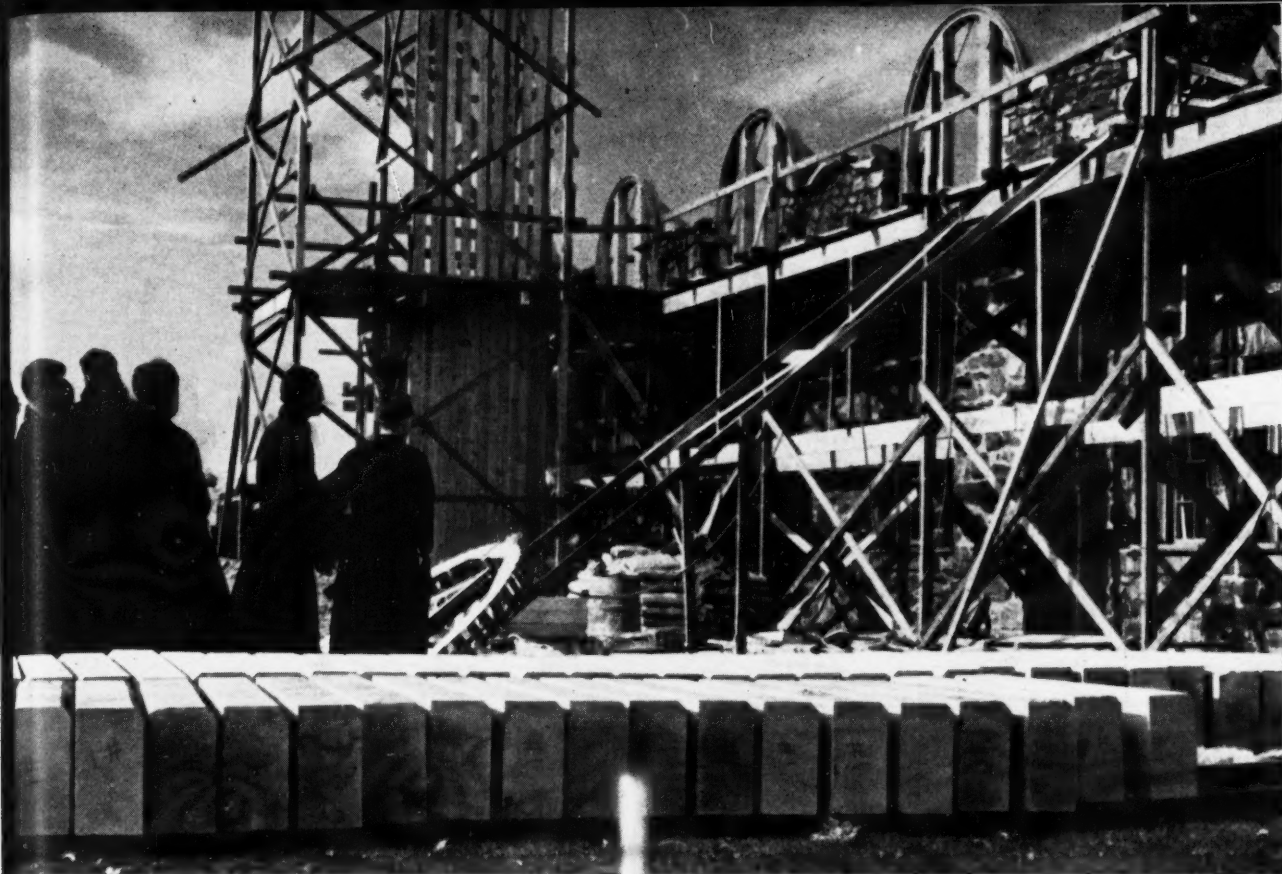
We Chinese Catholics are particularly proud of the late Mr. Lo Pa Hong, who has won renown throughout the world as the Frederick Ozanam of China. A successful business man of Shanghai, he found time to build and support several great homes for the destitute. Many non-Christian Chinese gentlemen of Shanghai were proud to cooperate with this apostle of the poor.

Though we need assistance from overseas for the conversion of our fellow Chinese, we possess the same yearning of earnest Catholics everywhere to see God and His Church triumph throughout the world, and we hope that the Catholics of America recognize us as brothers and sisters in the Faith, who desire to display for the things of God a zeal equal to their own.

We Chinese Catholics who are determined not merely to receive, but to give, hope to occupy a bright page in future history as a worthy unit in the Church of Jesus Christ. Appreciating the part that the western world has played in helping us to attain this end, we look still for the support of their encouragement and prayers to strengthen the Church.

BY V. REV. JOHN J. CONSIDINE





A group of seminarians watch as the new rooms take shape. Will there be room enough for all?

# The Shoe Pinches

THIS fall we expect over 100 new candidates at our seven seminaries in this country. But where to put them all is our problem. Our major Seminary is now crowded to capacity. Down in Pennsylvania, at The Venard, we have 132 students "squeezed" into quarters made for 120.

These are the only alternatives: turn away the new applicants, or add more rooms to our Seminary. We can't very well refuse those who offer their lives for labor in the fields afar, where the need for laborers is so great. We are confident that if the great Missioner will inspire young Americans to give their all for the missions, He will certainly inspire enough of their fellow men over the country to provide the rooms in which their

years of preparation—prayer and study—will be spent.

Does this interest you? Do you wish to have a *lasting* part in the training of Maryknoll missionaries? At this writing, eight rooms have been donated or reserved for donors. If you can't give the entire \$500 for a room, you can have—for yourself or others—part interest in a room by providing a portion of it, large or small.

Moreover, since it is our objective for the years to come to increase our Maryknoll mission priests overseas to 1,000 strong, you can readily see that the situation here at the Seminary will be "standing room only." That is why we must do something about that pinching of the old shoe.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

It is my wish to give \$..... towards the \$500 needed for  
a room in the Maryknoll Seminary .

Name .....

Address .....



# Mailbag Musings

**T**HE street was deserted except for Mrs. Pennysworth, who had stopped to pass the time of day with me, and the mailman, Mr. Flaxseed, who plodded in our direction, perspiring freely.

"Good morning, Mr. Flaxseed," said Mrs. Pennysworth. "Anything for me today?"

"Pennysworth—Pennysworth—let's see now. G'morning, Father! Nope, nothing for Pennysworth. It's a scorcher, ain't it, Father?"

I made a sympathetic answer while he spoke of the weight of magazines. As he continued on his way, Mrs. Pennysworth said, "He'll never get tired from the mail he carries to my house; he stops only when the bills are due."

"Why don't you write to people?" said I.

"Why don't they write to me first?"

"Well, when you put it that way I'm stumped, Mrs. Pennysworth, and I admit it."

"Of course," she continued, "I could send a dollar to the foreign missions, and I'd be swamped with letters."

"In that case why not send two dollars? Then you'd become quite popular with Mr. Flaxseed."

She laughed as she walked homeward with her armload of groceries, and I raised my hat and bade her the blessings of the morning.

As usual, after it was too late, I thought of many things I could have said about the mailman and the foreign missions—particularly about the connection between the two. Why, for example, didn't I tell Mrs. Pennysworth that a letter from the missions is valuable and one she should keep?

There is very little in a missionary's letter that is startling: the writer is a man of action rather than of words. In a very matter-of-fact way the missionary writes that he had fifty more converts last week, that his dispensary is doing a rushing business in quinine, that he had a forty-mile sick call on Tuesday, or that two more lepers were admitted to the asylum.

The best part of the letter is the part that was *not* written. He didn't write about the months and months of instruction that prepared his fifty converts for Baptism. When he mentioned quinine, he did not say that he was the doctor and nurse and drugstore for thousands and thousands of people who were sick. When he spoke of a sick call, he did not say that it was a *la shank's* mare, through mountain passes, and in the dead of night.

And Mr. Flaxseed doesn't know these things, either,

but God bless him just the same. Long may he ring doorbells and carry his silent stories of valorous deeds! He is the bridge which spans broad oceans; his burden of letters is the missionary's bond with the homeland.

I wish I'd thought of that when I met Mrs. Pennysworth.

*This sketch is Mrs. Pennysworth's idea of how a missionary is supported. Below: Father Treasurer wonders.*



**SILENT DEEDS** From many of the people on

Mr. Flaxseed's route, and from others, silent stories of valorous deeds come to us, too. Recently from Boston came an anonymous gift of \$100 for a chapel. The donor did not want even a word of thanks. We hope that whoever it was will espy this acknowledgment. How can we adequately thank such good friends, who seem to go through life never letting the left hand know what the right is doing? May they have a spacious place of light, refreshment, and rest awaiting them in the eternity of the charitable!

**TRIBUTES** We don't deceive ourselves into thinking we are "tops" in magazines, but we are glad to hear from our readers occasionally that they find inspiration to work and pray for the missions after conning our few pages each month. They say:

"Everyone in our family calls your missionaries 'front-line men.' When the magazine comes, we vie with one another to catch some point in an article that others have missed."

—New York

"I enjoy every line of **THE FIELD AFAR** and only wish I could help you financially as much as my heart wishes. Your men are doing a wonderful work. Had I known of Maryknoll ten years ago, I should be one of you today. I'll have to be content to help from the sidelines now."

—Michigan

"It sounds trite, but I've been reading **THE FIELD AFAR** from cover



## THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers:

I know that my little check each month has been but a tiny bit of help, but I've enjoyed sending it and always hoped for a chance to make it bigger.

Now it has come. I am an old man, Father, but I have just been given a pension of \$30 a month. I spoke to my daughter and asked her if she would mind if I sent it all to Maryknoll to support some poor missionary as long as I live. She was grand. She said, "What we've never had, we'll never miss. Send it, by all means!"

You must not thank me, because words cannot convey my appreciation and gratitude to you for the nice letters you have written me every month. They have brought me a peace and happiness in my old age that I thought never to experience this side of glory. You can be assured of my prayers for all the Maryknoll family, always. Ask my missionary to pray for me and for my daughter.

—F. P., Ohio

to cover for almost twenty-five years. I've seen changes in make-up from time to time, but the same happy, grateful spirit has continued to pervade each new issue. How do you do it? God bless you for it, anyway! You make our burdens all lighter."

—Pennsylvania

### UNHERALDED VALOR

When we finished reading the above, we tried to summon up a blush. It came with a vengeance when we read some extracts from letters of priests in this country, whose hidden works of conversion seem to surpass our poor efforts by far:

"So many blessings have come to my little parish that I feel the best way to thank God is to send you an offering for the missions. You see, I asked for Maryknoll prayers, and I have had several conversions and a fine group of parishioners as a result."

—Utah

"My parish and three missions are in the wilderness. I have no house—so, no housekeeper. I drive over to the railroad station at M. every evening for dinner, just before the express goes through. It's desolate, but at least I'm near enough to civilization to appreciate how much more I have than your missionaries enjoy. Send this mite to one of them, please."

—Montana

### THEY SAY

"It was very nice of you to inquire after my mother. How in the world do you know who is who, out of the hundreds and hundreds of letters you must receive? It is just such thoughtfulness that makes us outsiders feel that we belong to you and that makes us look forward each month to THE FIELD AFAR."

—Brooklyn, N. Y.

"THE FIELD AFAR always inspires me to do more. I can't do much financially but, let me tell you, I never forget the Maryknollers for a day in my prayers."—Wisconsin

"Enclosed is \$2 in honor of Saint Anne. I made a novena to her and

my favor was granted. If there is a burse in her honor, please apply my small offering to that." —Pennsylvania

### DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Most Rev. John P. Dowling; Very Rev. Francis J. Walsh, V.F.; Rt. Rev. Msgr. John F. Brady; Rev. James F. Barron; Rev. Norbert Proulx; Rev. Leo A. Heile; Rev. Father Freund; Rev. Mother Agnes; Sr. Mary Cecelia; Sr. Mary Francesca Mahoney; Sr. Mary of the Nativity Coogan; Mrs. Elizabeth Eustace; Mr. Patrick Daley; Mr. Charles Gmuer; Mrs. Bert Weber; Mr. Thomas Roche; Mr. William H. Kain; Mrs. Richard Allen; Mrs. James McCarthy; Mrs. Ellen Scully; Mr. Joseph V. Loftus; Mr. Joseph N. Ewald; Mrs. Mary Logan; Catherine Deming; Terence Rice; Miss Nora T. Moynihan; Agnes M. Haney; Miss Rose Byron; Mr. Patrick J. Maguire; Teresa Donohue; Mr. Walter A. Hanley; Mr. C. R. Davis; Miss Nellie Desmond; Katherine Kalkes; George Masterson; Miss Margaret H. Taylor; Ellen Cloonan; Adelaide Holton; Marguerite Wurth; Mrs. E. Cornet; Mr. John Hogan; Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy; Mary E. Ward; Cecelia Boland Godden; Agnes Heath; Mary Longenfeld; Mr. Frome; Mary Vonick; Mrs. John G. Coyle; Mrs. Charles Johnson; Mrs. Sara Belknap; Miss Mary Early; Mrs. Barbara Black; Mrs. John J. Quigley; Mr. Louis Boerner; Mr. Korte; Mary Ronan; Mrs. Thomas Crowley; Mrs. Devine; Mrs. Mary A. O'Brien; Mrs. Eugene Wood; Mrs. Matilda A. Burke; Mr. Edward Mason; Mrs. Thomas J. Waldron; Mr. F. G. Monahan; Miss Mary McDonald; Mrs. Elizabeth Bussemeyer; Elizabeth Wetzel; Ann Muldowny; Rose Kinnell; Miss Kate A. Kiernan; Mrs. Mary Hasson; Mr. William Hodes; Mrs. Margaret Evelyn Sinnott; Mr. Walter McGinn; Mr. R. McElroy; Mr. Eugene A. Brady; Mrs. Patrick Beere; Miss Agnes E. Quinlan; Mrs. Alecia V. Meagher; Mr. Edward S. Hallinan; Mrs. Helen Lawless Noziglia; Mrs. M. J. Bennet; Miss Anna Stratford; Miss Louise Schleicher; Mrs. Carmela Di Leo; Mrs. Mary F. McMillan; Miss Frances C. Stever; John Kelleher; Mrs. Margaret Du Roi; Miss Mary McKeown; Miss Margaret M. Reilly; Mrs. Mary McNamara; Mr. Thomas F. Burke; Miss Mary V. Scanlon; Philip J. McManus.

### MARYKNOLL MEMBERSHIP

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person also becomes a Perpetual Member.





Lao Chang was a learned man—a great scholar.

# Flowers for Faith

A TRUE STORY BY REV. JOSEPH REARDON

**F**ATHER MADDEN was one of those rare people who could make flowers grow in places where the efforts of others failed. In his seminary days he had taken great pride in planning a garden that from early spring until the last Michaelmas daisy yielded fresh blooms for the altar.

Now in the village of Pinglo, South China, he was trying to beautify the church property with flower beds at either side of the entrance. The people liked the idea, and they vied with one another in bringing the largest plants they could find. The missionary tried to thank them all, but his heart wasn't fully in his words, as he noticed that each of the eighty-odd plants were all of the same variety—geraniums.

At the big government school in another part of the town he had seen gardens of hibiscus, and in his heart he had hoped that at least one red or pink one would be among the donated plants. "If only I could meet one of the teachers," he told his curate, "I'd manage eventually to ask for a few slips from the flowers they have."

That afternoon Father Madden decided to walk down to the school, admire the flowers, and perhaps engage someone in conversation on his favorite subject.

But no one was in sight that day, or the next, or even on the third day. Then, just as he was about to walk back to the mission again, an old man hailed him from across the road. "The Spiritual Father likes flowers. He comes every day to see the gardens," said the oldest pleasantly.

"Yes!" And Father Madden laughed a little sheepishly. "I am very fond of flowers. I was hoping to meet one of the teachers. I want to ask for some of this hibiscus."

"That is easy," said the ancient one. "I used to teach in that school. If I ask the teachers, they will give you whatever flowers you want."

"You are kind, old father! I am very glad that I have met you today," said the priest, as he began to move away.

"Oh, slowly, slowly!" said the teacher with a laugh. "Youth is always in such a hurry. Come! Come into my house! You must have a cup of tea."

Father Madden was delighted with that visit. His host, Lao Chang, proved to be a learned man and a great scholar.

"Do you still teach?" asked Father Madden.

"Ah, no! Not any more. I taught for fifty years in that school across the way. Now I am eighty."

The old teacher knew much about America and Europe, but nothing whatever of the Church Father Madden represented. When farewells were finally said and Lao Chang promised some day to return the call, the missionary hoped an occasion might arise to give the aged teacher a new lesson about the one true God.

Father Madden had almost forgotten Lao Chang until one day, while planting more geraniums in the little garden plot, he heard, "These are better flowers for the garden."

It was the eighty-year-old teacher, and to the priest's delight the ancient one's hands were filled with tender slips of red hibiscus and blue plumbago and French marguerites. Mr. Chang's joy was as evident as the young foreigner's. They both laughed, and after Father



Madden got empty pots for the new shoots, the teacher sat by and counseled.

"We must have tea," said the missionary. And he brought the old man into his simple home.

"What book are you reading?" asked Mr. Chang, as he picked up a Chinese volume from the table.

"Oh, it is my beginner's book in your honorable language. I was reviewing some first lessons today."

"Well, well!" said the teacher. "It is the same book I used for teaching the children." And he began to read aloud in Chinese the first lesson: "Come, come, come to school. Study one lesson. Know one lesson. If you don't study, you will be sorry until you die. Whether you are old or young, it makes no difference."

"Do you believe that?" asked Father Madden.

"Yes, yes, most certainly," affirmed Lao Chang.

"The Lord of Heaven taught a lesson something like that, too," said Father Madden very simply. "He said, 'Come, come, come; follow me and learn of me. Study my doctrine and practice it.' If you don't do what the Lord wants all men to do, you will be sorry."

"The Spiritual Father speaks words of wisdom," said the old man, and the smile in his eyes gave evidence that the point had been well understood.

When Lao Chang left the priest's house that afternoon, he carried home with him a Catholic catechism. He came back sooner than Father Madden had expected. One visit followed another. At each meeting the beautiful doctrine was unfolded, and the ancient pupil learned easily and well.

"I must become a Catholic," said Lao Chang one day, as he and Father Madden looked at the flower beds together. As simply as that!

On the morning of the old teacher's baptism and First Communion, the young priest found the words of his language book ringing with a new refrain: "Come, come, come, and I will refresh you."

From that day forward old Mr. Chang was daily at Mass and Holy Communion, even when the warm days passed and the long rainy season set in. But then one day he was missing, and Father Madden, noting the absence, put down the rain as the cause. He was surprised the next morning when a strange young man came to the mission and bade the priest come to Teacher Chang's house.

"He is ill," said the messen-

ger, "and we are afraid he is going to die."

Father Madden hurried along through the village streets.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" Lao Chang smiled, and the priest realized that the old man was very sick indeed. "You taught me the first and greatest lesson, 'Come, come, come.' And now He is hearing my poor feeble voice at last. He is coming for me."

The anointing was finished, the last blessing was given, and as the missionary knelt by the side of his old pupil he seemed to hear the words of the lesson all over again; but this time they came surely from the gate of heaven, as a holy old man's soul gazed upon his new-found God: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

A new flower of ancient China was transplanted by Father Madden into the eternal garden of heaven.

#### TOM SHANNON SILENCED

(Continued from page 8) another instance of God's goodness to me."

"It's a clear call, Dennis," ventured Tom. "I didn't understand before. If I had a son and he was wanted there, I think I'd let him go, too."

The father of "the boy" and the man who had no son gazed into the dying embers, and, although neither saw, each knew that the other's eyes were filled with tears.

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for March:  
For the conversion of the Hindus



Red hibiscus and blue plumbago  
vied with French marguerites in  
making the garden beautiful.



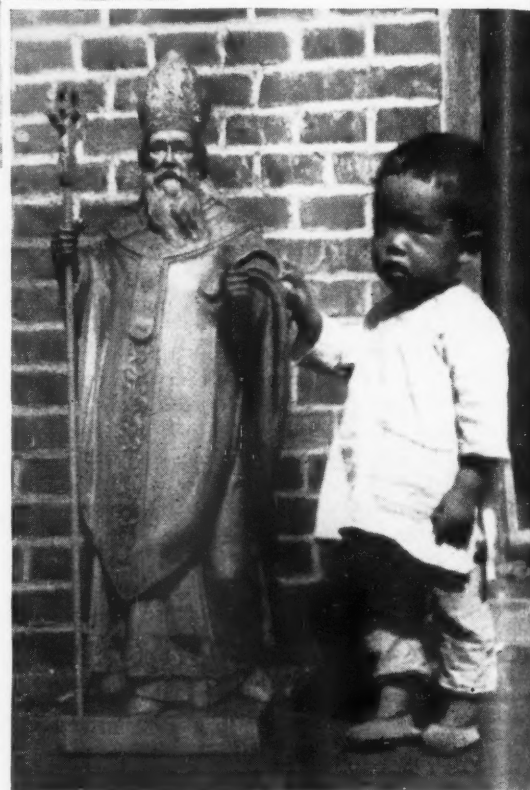
# Along the

Left: Newly ordained Father John Hong (in cope), Korea  
Below: Arh Mah likes this carving of Saint Patrick.

**LOTING, SOUTH CHINA** Many of our *old* readers will recall an article in these pages as far back as 1922, in which the late Father Daniel McShane told of his experience "alone in China with twenty-one babies"; an experience which, for a very bashful young missionary, must have been trying. But Father McShane's devotion to saving the abandoned babies of South China was so great that he even went to his death in an effort to save one more. The little "thieves of Paradise" who were awaiting his coming numbered 4,483. But not all Father McShane's orphans died. We have just received the picture of one of them—Maria—who is now married and a mother herself. She is shown at the bottom of the next page, with her little one. Maria and hundreds of other Catholic mothers in China today owe their lives and their Faith to the self-sacrificing devotion of a bashful, zealous, young apostle.

**KI-RIM-NI, KOREA** Do you remember when there was only one Catholic church in New York City? It wasn't so long ago. The missionaries in nearby Heijo feel that they are repeating some of that history now that a third church—St. Patrick's—in the suburb of Ki-Rim-Ni has just been established. For many years there was only St. Michael's church, like St. Peter's of Barclay Street. Then came St. Peter's and now St. Patrick's. Bishop O'Shea, who came to Ki-Rim-Ni for the opening, said: "This fine new parish represents in great part the tireless zeal of a frail Maryknoll Sister who through summer's noisome heat and winter's cheerless blasts, pushing her way into every hearth and hovel, has welded together in her two years' slumming the cheery throng which salutes the new St. Patrick's parish today." While fine speeches were made, the Sister in question was out in the kitchen making sure the visiting clergy would leave the scene with a fine taste in their mouths.

**KWEILIN, SOUTH CHINA** The director of the Kwangsi Medical College of this city has invited the local Catholic missionaries to teach the English



course at this new seat of learning. In welcoming Monsignor Romaniello and Father Elliott to the faculty, Dr. Liu, the director, expressed the belief that not only medicine, but also character building, is important for the new students, and he urged the priests to organize among them any clubs or groups that would contribute to this end.

**DAIREN, SOUTH MANCHURIA** The purchase of a piece of silk cloth to mend a vestment has led a group of young men to study Catholic doctrine at Star of the Sea Church, here. Father Ryan, the pastor, had asked a silk merchant to match the goods needed in repairing a chasuble. It was the merchant's first contact with the Church, and he seemed very well impressed. On his return to the shop, he evidently told his employees of

# Maryknoll Newsfront

what he had seen and what he had heard. That evening he was back at the mission again, asking if he and his friends could come on Sunday evenings—their only free time—to study the Bible in English. Arrangements were made, and eight of them have been coming faithfully for the past two months. God provides strange contacts.

**CHONGPU, VIA SWATOW** The pastor of the local Catholic Church, Father Driscoll, has been visiting in Rice Ravine Village, where a class of eighteen women are studying Catholic doctrine in preparation for Baptism. The husbands of these ladies had already been baptized, but it was impossible for the wives and mothers to leave the youngsters, gardens, pigs, and chickens to come into the city at the same time. Consequently, women doctrine teachers were sent out to Rice Ravine Village, and they conduct daily classes from nine till noon, and two till five. Father Driscoll reported that he was pleased with the progress being made by his new converts and expressed the hope that similar arrangements can be made for other outlying districts.

**KAYING, SOUTH CHINA** The first fruit of the Catholic Seminary in this city is soon to blossom into the fullness of the priesthood when Reverend Paul Laam will be ordained this month on the feast of Saint Joseph. In a letter from Urban College in Rome, where Paul has been a student for the past five years, he says: "I was Bishop Ford's first student in Kaying, where I studied for nine years in the minor seminary. Afterwards he sent me to Hong Kong to begin philosophy, and finally here to the College of *Propaganda Fide*. Last October I received the subdiaconate from Cardinal Fumasoni Biondi, and the diaconate on December 22. My first Mass will be one of thanksgiving for all the Maryknollers who have made it possible for me to go up to the altar of God."

## EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 472.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Heijo in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories embrace 189,300 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 25,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They count 76,240 Catholics.
8. Annual adult converts number approximately 7,500.

Above: Bishop O'Shea at Sin-Ri's parish. Note the plumed knights. Below: Maria, formerly of Loting, presents her babe.





# Via Macao

BY REV. ROBERT J. CAIRNS

**R**ELATIVES of our missionaries, and other readers of *THE FIELD AFAR*, often address their letters to Maryknoll missionaries "via Macao" without perhaps ever giving much thought to the people of that place—the Macanese. The greater number of residents of Macao are Portuguese people whose forefathers came from Catholic Portugal in the early days of the sixteenth century. After founding many colonies elsewhere, the Portuguese finally settled here in the first foreign concession in China.

In 1556—four years after Saint Francis Xavier had died on Sancian Island, forty-seven miles away—Macao was given to the Portuguese, who before that time had been obliged to trade at Sancian Island. The Chinese had considered Sancian Island safe enough for the forbidden foreigners, for it kept them fifteen miles off from the important city of Canton. Very few women came with those rugged explorers, so, when Macao was set up as a colony, the men took wives from many of the places where they had been in the Far East—from India, Straits Settlements, Timor, Malacca, and now China.

Because of their Far Eastern blood, the local Portuguese are slightly darker-skinned than their European forbears, but they are a splendid people who will compare favorably with a group of Catholics anywhere. They are honest, hard-working men and women, dependable and conscientious. They have a sense of responsibility and, above all, a deep religious faith. Unfortunately, in British firms and other foreign enterprises, the Macanese are for the most part underlings who never seem to reach a position higher than that of clerk. Although they do

most of the bookkeeping, direct the business, and handle the money for the banks, their pay is only a fraction of that received by the foreigners who are in charge.

Without having studied the language, nearly every native of Macao speaks Chinese fluently. Educated in English schools, they have made English their everyday language. Then, since Portuguese is used at home, each resident of Macao may be said to be a master of three languages and can switch from one to the other without effort. Several who work in Hong Kong offices take dictation in French and type fine diplomatic and business letters in that tongue.

The Macanese are very neat people and are very well dressed. You may note this fact in the picture of the four boys and six girls on their First Communion and Confirmation day. As they walked up the church aisle, they looked like little brides and grooms. The lads wore their first long trousers—as white as their innocent souls; the wee lassies' gowns reached down to their feet.

Beautiful First Communion colored pictures had been sent from Portugal for the occasion. The child's name and the details of the First Communion and Confirmation were printed in gold. Each guest was given one. It is an old Portuguese custom to drink a toast on such an occasion: each person present, from the consul down to the tiniest tot of five, held a glass of sparkling wine as the priest made a little speech and prayed that the youngster may serve for many years as a soldier of Christ.

Some of my happiest mission recollections will be the memory of the deep faith and the splendid character of Catholic Portugal's children—the Macanese.

First-communicants and confirmation class. Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Macao





# Books and the Missions

**P**USHING frontiers always makes a good story. The frontiers may be territory for a government claim, or just another spot on the globe for Christ.

Two recent books come within this category and claim places of honor with the best on the subject. Helene Margaret's "Father DeSmet: Pioneer Priest of the Rockies" (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3) is exquisite. Father DeSmet was a great missionary, and Miss Margaret has portrayed him as such with remarkable understanding. He sought to push frontiers—to form a civilized and Christian community for his Indians that would be protected by its remoteness from the corrupting invasion of adventurers. His vision was never realized, but his life was a triumph.

Helene Margaret has caught the greatness, the attractiveness, of Father DeSmet's character: readers will all love him. The author has done a great service for the missions of the Church. Understanding, admiration, cooperation, and even vocations, should come of the book.

Before we leave Indian frontiers—although the time, the territory, and the tribe of Tekakwitha are far removed from Father DeSmet's Indians—we are pleased to note that Daniel Sargent's excellent "Catherine Tekakwitha" has been restored to Longman's list (\$2). And Fordham University Press should be congratulated on the beautiful volume they have produced on the Lily of the Mohawks (Katharine Tekakwitha, \$7.50). It is a translation of the

*Positio*; that is, documentary evidence used for the introduction of her cause. We reproduce on this page one of the excellent wood cuts which add so much to the attractiveness of the beautifully bound volume.

An Oblate missionary, Father Paul Schulte, aviator in the last World War, has for years promoted a novel yet practical idea to push the frontiers of Christendom. He founded MIVA, a society to provide missionaries with conveyances. Father Schulte first served as a mission pilot in Africa; later he was assigned to the Arctic. After four seasons in that territory, this missionary gives us an account of his work, "The Flying Priest Over the Arctic" (Harpers, \$2.75). *The New York Herald Tribune*, in a review evidently prepared by a non-Catholic, characterized the book as "an odd, naive, winsome melange of aeronautical technique, Eskimo ethnology, bravery, piety, and bravado." *The New York Times* called it an "inspiring book." You will agree that it is when you read of these men who are pushing frontiers in distant lands.

All these books may be purchased from:  
The Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll, N. Y.



Lily of the Mohawks



Left to right: Daniel Sargent; the Arctic priest, Father Schulte; and Miss Helene Margaret.

## FOR LIVING AND DEAD

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**NEW YORK**

### A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

#### SCHOOLS FOR BOYS—

University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio  
Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem.,  
Emmitsburg, Md.  
Sacred Hearts Academy,  
No. Fairhaven, Mass.  
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.  
St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt.  
St. Aloysius Academy for Boys,  
West Chester, Pa.

#### COLLEGES AND ACADEMIES FOR GIRLS—

Trinity College, Washington, D. C.  
St. Xavier College,  
4928 Xavier Pk., Chicago, Ill.  
Barat College & Academy of Sacred  
Heart, Lake Forest, Ill.  
Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.  
St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.  
Maryville College, Meramec St. &  
Nebraska Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
Mt. St. Mary's College, Hooksett, N. H.  
Georgian Court College, Lakewood, N. J.  
The College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y.  
College of Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson,  
N. Y. C.  
Marymount College & School,  
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.  
Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.  
Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.  
Academy of Our Lady of Mercy,  
Milford, Conn.  
Junior College and Academy of the  
Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind.;  
Marycliff Academy,  
Arlington Heights, Mass.  
Mt. St. Joseph Academy, Brighton, Mass.  
Sacred Hearts Academy,  
No. Fairhaven, Mass.  
Academy of the Sacred Heart,  
Fall River, Mass.  
Jeanne d'Arc Academy, Milton, Mass.  
Academy of the Visitation,  
5448 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
Saint Vincent Academy,  
226 W. Market St., Newark, N. J.  
Academy of St. Joseph, Brentwood, N. Y.  
St. Clare's School, Hastings-on-  
Hudson, Mount Hope, N. Y.  
Academy of the Holy Child Jesus,  
630 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.  
Academy of The Holy Child, Suffern, N. Y.  
Our Lady of Mercy Academy,  
Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.  
Mater Misericordiae Academy,  
Merion (Phila.), Pa.  
Villa Maria Convent,  
Montreal, Quebec, Canada  
St.-Ann-on-the-Lake Academy,  
West Palm Beach, Fla.

#### SCHOOLS OF NURSING—

St. Camillus School of Training,  
Gull Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.  
Santa Rosa Infirmary, School of  
Nursing, San Antonio, Tex.

#### NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND CHARLES STREET :: BALTIMORE

Catholic College for Women conducted  
by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Aca-  
demic Department—High School Course of  
College Preparatory Grade. Elementary  
Department. Music, Art, Physical Culture.  
For Catalogue address: The Secretary.

## ADDRESSES

### The Maryknoll Fathers

Central Administration and Major Sem-  
inary, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.  
Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford, Mass.  
Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa.  
Maryknoll Junior Seminaries:  
Akron, Ohio, 1075 W. Market St.  
Cincinnati, Ohio, 6700 Beechmont Ave.  
Detroit, Mich., 9001 Dexter Blvd.  
Mountain View P.O., Calif.  
St. Louis, Mo., 4569 W. Pine Blvd.

#### Houses of Study:

Hong Kong, Maryknoll House, Stanley  
Rome, Italy, Via Sardegna, 83

Honolulu, T.H., 1701 Wilder Ave.  
Los Angeles, Calif., 222 S. Hewitt St.  
Manila, P.I., St. Rita's Hall  
Cebu City, P. I.  
New York City, 121 E. 39th St.  
San Francisco, Calif., 1492 McAllister St.  
San Juan Bautista, Calif.  
Seattle, Wash., 1603 E. Jefferson St.

### Missions: Central Addresses

*For Fushun missionaries:* Catholic Mis-  
sion, Fushun, Manchukuo

*For Kaying missionaries:* Catholic Mis-  
sion, Kaying, via Swatow, China

*For Kongmoon missionaries:* Catholic  
Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Pro-  
vince, China

*For Kweilin missionaries:* Catholic Mis-  
sion, Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China

*For Kyoto missionaries:* Maryknoll,  
Kyoto, Japan

*For Chosen missionaries:* Catholic Mis-  
sion, P.O. Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

*For Wuchow missionaries:* Catholic Mis-  
sion, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

### The Maryknoll Sisters

#### Central Addresses

*Motherhouse and Administration:*  
Maryknoll, N. Y.

*Hawaii:* 1508 Alexander St., Honolulu

*Japan:* Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku,  
Kyoto, Japan

*Chosen:* Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsu-  
kuri, Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

*Manchukuo:* Catholic Mission, Dairen  
*Pacific Coast:* 425 South Boyle Ave.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

*Philippines:* St. Mary's Hall, Manila

*South China:* Waterloo Road, Kow-  
loontong, Hong Kong

# MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

## HELP WANTED

FIFTY NEW CONVERTS need fifty catechisms for instruction (Kweilin). \$5 foots the bill.

A CONVENT CELL in Kyoto's mission can be furnished for some Sister at only \$20. There are ten of them.

TWO CHAPELS at Chiuling (Bishop Ford's Vicariate) are badly in need of repair. \$500 will pay the carpenter and plasterer.

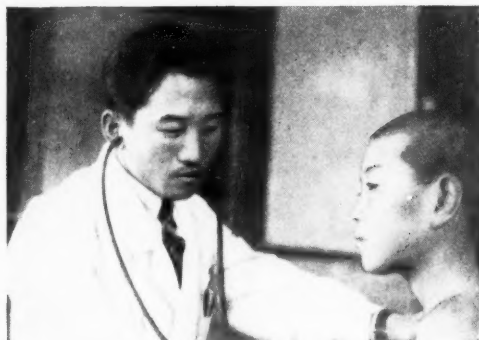
ANOTHER ROOM—ANOTHER STUDENT. \$500 will ensure one in the new wing of Maryknoll's Seminary. See page 23.

## BUILDINGS AND REPAIRS

THE POOR SISTERS, natives of Kongmoon, can have a convent, if someone provides the \$200 necessary to build it.

CHUNK-TWEEZER is the pronunciation of Fushun's mission, Ch'ing-Tui-Tze, where land for a near-by rectory is needed. \$1,000 will be quite a chunk for Ch'ing.

WANTED: Roof tiles for chapel  
A penny a-piece  
Six thousand are needed  
Before the leaks cease. Yunhui



DISPENSARY DESTROYED flashed from Kweilin. \$2,000 will build a new "mercy station" for Monsignor Romaniello's patients.

MAMPO'S CONVERTS (Korea) are many, although no church is built there yet. \$2,500 will do it.



This one-room parsonage can scarcely be called a rectory. \$3,000 will build one though, for the priests of Heijo's new parish, Korea.

## OPPORTUNITIES

ALL OUT OF QUININE says a Fushun dispensary. \$5 will buy a much-needed supply.

ALTAR CLOTHS AND MASS CARDS, \$5; a Missal, \$10; one set of vestments for out-missions in the Kaying Vicariate, \$10.

PRIESTLY SONS (major seminarians) in Kyoto Prefecture may be adopted at \$15 a month; \$150 a year.

READING ROOM NUMBER SEVEN in the Kongmoon Vicariate is awaiting a donor—\$300. The other six are reaping fine harvests of souls.

MISSAL, VESTMENTS—all equipment—for four chapels are needed in Wuchow Mission. \$200 will fully equip one chapel.

EIGHT FROM SIXTY-TWO leaves just 54 more student rooms to be provided in the Seminary's new wing. A fine memorial! See page 23.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



## FISHING FOR SOULS

**A**BOUT this time of year many an American young man is thinking of the career that will be his in the years to come. Some are prepared for the long years of training in medical school, others are getting final data on that law course, or on the future of aviation. God bless and prosper them all! Naturally, we have a particular interest in that select few whom God will call to devote their all to that greatest of careers: the very one which Christ chose for Himself—that of winning souls over the entire world,

of “fishing” for souls. Are you interested? Thousands of young men are being given to the task of spreading hatred and terror on all sides. Surely, there must be many others who will give themselves to the work of God for their fellow men. Young men who feel the Divine Call to become “fishers of men” should consult their pastor or confessor; pray to the Holy Ghost for light and guidance; and, if they wish, write for information or literature about mission vocations to: Vocation Director, Maryknoll P.O., New York.



